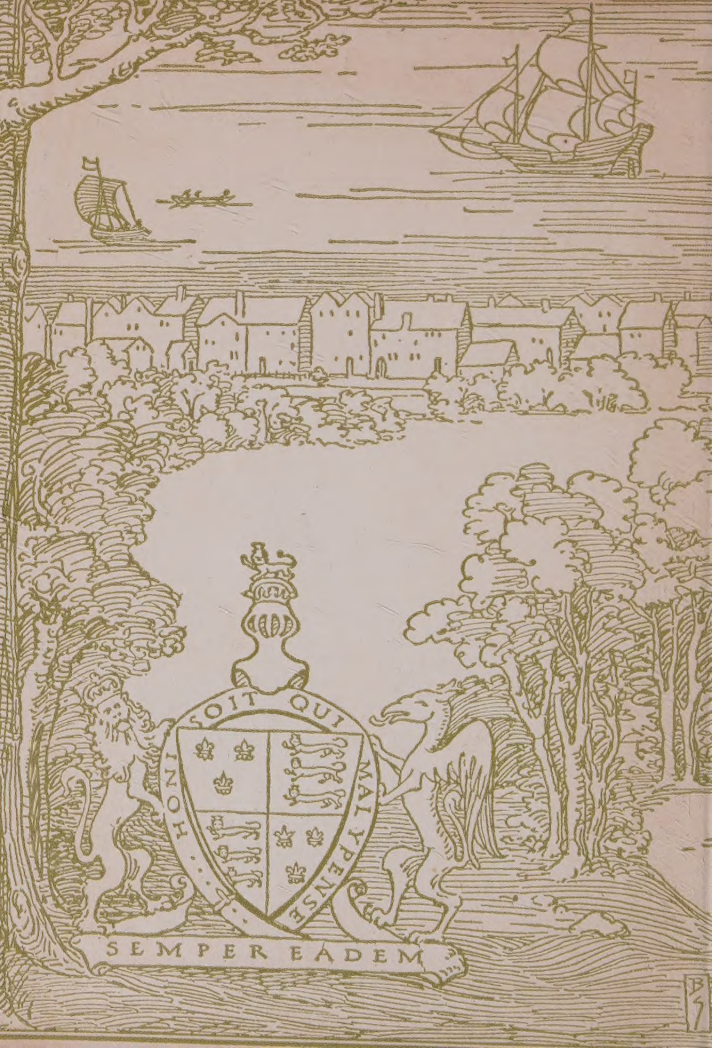


· THE TUDOR · SHAKESPEARE ·



· HENRY · IV · · PART · II ·





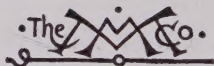


The Tudor Shakespeare

EDITED BY
WILLIAM ALLAN NEILSON
AND
ASHLEY HORACE THORNDIKE



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Falstaff and his Recruits, after Hogarth

THE TUDOR

SHAKESPEARE

The Second Part of Henry the Fourth

EDITED BY

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New York

The Macmillan Company

1923

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BER. THA. STUART

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the Fourth"**

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Introduction

Text. — *The Second Part of Henry IV* first appeared in a quarto entitled “*The Second part of Henrie the fourth, continuing to his death, and Coronation of Henrie the fift. With the humours of sir John Falstaffe, and swaggering Pistoll. As it hath been sundrie times publikely acted by the right honourable, the Lord Chamberlaine his seruants. Written by William Shakespeare. London. Printed by V. S. for Andrew Wise, and William Aspley. 1600.*” Although there were six quarto editions of *The First Part of Henry IV* between 1598 and 1623, this quarto of 1600 is the only form in which *The Second Part* is known to have appeared before the Folio of 1623. Thirty-nine lines which appear in the Quarto are not found in the Folio, which, however, contains one hundred and seventy-one new lines. These lines may have been omitted from the Quarto for abridgment of the acting version, as one or two of the excisions, notably I. i. 189-209, are awkwardly managed “cuts.” A number of differences are accounted for by the increasingly strict enactments against profanity, obscenity, and biblical allusions on the stage, in consequence of which the Folio text was purged of some of the grossness of the Quarto. There are two forms of the Quarto, in one of which, obviously by accident, Act III. sc. i. is omitted. The text of the complete Quarto is used as the basis of the present text, the additions from the Folio being inclosed in brackets.

Date of Composition. — The connection between the two parts of *Henry IV* in material, treatment, and style is so intimate as to enforce the conclusion that they were written in immediate succession; indeed they are more nearly one ten-act play than two five-act plays. If 1597 be accepted as the year of composition of *The First Part*,¹ this affords a date after which *The Second Part* was written. In Ben Jonson's *Every Man Out of his Humour*, V. ii., occurs a reference to Justice Silence which fixes the composition of *The Second Part* before 1599, the year in which Jonson's play was first performed. Between 1597 and 1599 then we must place it. But *The First Part* was entered on the Stationers' Register on February 25, 1598, as containing, in addition to historical material, "the conceived mirthe of Sir John Falstoff." Evidently then the change of the name from Oldcastle to Falstaff had been made prior to the entry of *The First Part*.² But in the Quarto of *The Second Part*, the prefix *Old* stands before a speech of Falstaff, I. ii. 137. This seems to show that *The Second Part* as well as *The First Part* was written before the change in name, and that a carelessly corrected copy was given to the printer. If this be granted, the date of composition of *The Second Part* can be fixed in the latter part of 1597 or in 1598 before February 25. The play was entered on the Stationers' Register on August 23, 1600. It is noticeable that this is the first play entered on the Register which is stated to be the work of Shakespeare.

¹ See Introduction to *The First Part of Henry IV* in this series. ² *Ibid.*

Sources of the Plot. — For the historical material of this, as of most of his English chronicle plays, Shakespeare drew from Raphael Holinshed's *Chronicles of England, Scotland, and Ireland*, apparently from the second and enlarged edition of 1587. The incidents which compose the serious action of the drama are taken in their outline from the *Chronicles*.¹ Holinshed refers briefly to the sentence pronounced upon the Prince by the Chief Justice, but the version of the story containing the defence of the Chief Justice and the Prince's recognition of his equity is given fully in Sir Thomas Elyot's *Gouvernour*, 1531. The fact that later investigation has not found a completely satisfactory historical basis for it does not invalidate its dramatic value. It is hardly necessary to add that in this play, as elsewhere, Shakespeare takes most generous liberties with time, compressing, changing, rearranging to suit the purpose of his play, and that dramatic time and historic time are constantly confused.

Several of the incidents had already appeared in a play entitled *The Famous Victories of Henry the Fifth*,² acted before 1588 and licensed for printing in 1594. In this are found the first dramatization of the sentence on the Prince, the King's lament for the fate of England under the rule of his wayward son, and his pleas to the nobles for leniency, the incident of the stealing of the crown, and

¹ The most convenient edition of the *Chronicles* is *Shakspeare's Holinshed, the Chronicle and the Historical Plays Compared*, by W. G. Boswell-Stone. London and New York: 1896.

² This play is accessible in the *Shakespeare Quarto Facsimiles*, edited by P. A. Daniel. London: 1887.

the consequent reconciliation of the dying father and the repentant son. Here also the coronation procession is cheered on by the jovial salutations of two former companions, Ned and Tom, whom the King banishes after bestowing on them moral advice. This play is extremely crude, lacking both the finish of expression and the insight into character that frequently enliven the pages of the *Chronicles*.

It will be seen that, as is frequent with Shakespeare, the main incidents of his play had appeared in an earlier dramatic as well as in narrative form. In a few places the spirit of the present play seems to owe something to its sources; more rarely there is verbal indebtedness; but in general the sources furnish the merest framework which Shakespeare fills out with dramatic action and animates with personal motive. This is especially noticeable in the scenes between the King and the Prince. A comparison of the versions of the stealing of the crown in the *Chronicles*, *The Famous Victories*, and *The Second Part of Henry IV* strikingly illustrates the meaning of dramatic selection and expansion, and convinces one anew that a dramatist is great not because of what he invents, but because of what he vivifies.

Local and Personal Allusions. — Both the tavern scenes and those located in Gloucestershire abound in local allusions. In the former, Shakespeare was drawing on his intimate knowledge of London, a knowledge which most of his audience shared, and doubtless there are far more contemporary and local references than any antiquary can now discover; in the latter, he made use of the store

of memories he had brought from his boyhood in the country. Although in Warwickshire, Stratford is almost on the border of Gloucestershire; the Cotswold district, famous for its athletic sports (III. ii. 24) is easily accessible; Hinckley (V. i. 26) and Barston (V. iii. 94) are neighboring towns; then as now the Visor, or Vizard, family lived at Woodmancote, which is still pronounced Woncot (V. i. 42); and in the sixteenth century their neighbors, the Perkes family, occupied a place still known as "The Hill" (V. i. 43). Justice Shallow is usually taken to be a caricature of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, but the passages which give color to this identification are in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

The Name of Falstaff. — The name of the comedy hero of these plays was originally Sir John Oldcastle, but was changed to Falstaff before the publication of *The First Part*, but not before the composition of *The Second Part*. (See page viii, *supra*.) The facts regarding Sir John Oldcastle, the probable reasons leading to the change of name, as well as the facts regarding the historical Sir John Fastolfe of Caister, have been given in the Introduction to *The First Part of Henry IV* in this series, and need not here be repeated. It is agreed that Shakespeare's creation owed his later name, the punning allusion to his original name, "my old lad of the castle," his connection with the Boar's Head Tavern, his size, and his cowardice (although history is here traduced) to these two historical personages. In an article on "The Two Sir John Fastolfes" in the *Royal Historical Society Transactions* for 1910, L. W. Vernon Harcourt sought to prove that there is still

another historical foundation for this character, also that the story of the Prince's madcap insult to the Chief Justice may have more authoritative ground than has hitherto been conceded to it. As has been stated above, this story first appeared in 1531, nearly a century and a quarter after it could have happened. But Mr. Harcourt has shown by contemporary records that in the reign of Henry IV, before the Scrope rebellion of 1405, Sir John Fastolf of Nacton and Sir John, Lord Cobham, the father-in-law of Sir John Oldcastle, were involved in contempt of court, as a result of which Fastolf was committed and bound over to keep the peace. If this were the basis of Elyot's story of the Prince's intervention in behalf of one of his favorites, the identification would go far to prove the historical original of Shakespeare's Falstaff; but, as the author of the article acknowledges, the story, while "highly probable," "is not strictly proved." Sir John Oldcastle, Sir John Fastolfe of Caister, Sir John Fastolf of Nacton, one, two, or three of them may have furnished suggestions; even grouped as a tripod, they make but a slender base for so colossal a monument of wit. Sir John Falstaff remains Shakespeare's own.

Historical Basis. — *The Second Part of Henry IV* opens with the news of the battle of Shrewsbury, which was fought July 21, 1403. From there the King hurried north and met the Earl of Northumberland, who submitted to him at York, August 11. In 1405 Northumberland and Bardolph joined in open revolt; and Archbishop Scrope and Thomas Mowbray, the Earl Marshal, roused Yorkshire against the King, who turned back from Wales to encoun-

ter them. Before he arrived, however, the Earl of Westmoreland had broken the rebellion at Shipton Moor, May 29, 1405. After an irregular trial both Scrope and Mowbray were executed. Another revolt of Northumberland and Bardolph was crushed in 1408, and this put an end to rebellion in the reign of Henry IV. But a long series of illnesses, beginning in 1404, had enfeebled the King's health, and prolonged disagreement with parliament embarrassed his position. He seems, however, to have planned a crusade as late as October, 1412. He was unable to transact business at his last parliament, summoned in February, 1413. While in Westminster Abbey he was seized with a fit, was removed to the Jerusalem Chamber, and died there on March 20, 1413.

After his valorous action at Shrewsbury, Prince Henry was greatly in favor among the English people, and by request of parliament was entrusted with the command on the Welsh border. Owing to this popularity and the increasing illness of his father, a proposal was made in the parliament of 1410 that the King should abdicate in favor of the Prince. Shortly after this his power seems to have been much checked, his place in council was taken by his brother Thomas, and for a year or two history knows little of him. He was crowned April 9, 1413. The story of his wild youth can be traced back to the fifteenth century, and has become so much a part of the national hero as to be accepted as history.

Stage History. — From its very nature *The Second Part of Henry IV* could not well be popular on the stage. Not

alone its dependence upon *The First Part*, but its manifest inferiority in all points that make for theatrical success, excludes it from the list of favorite plays. Yet Falstaff seems to have kept it alive, even during the reign of Charles II, when Shakespeare was comparatively out of vogue. There is a tradition that John Heminge (d. 1630) first played the part of Falstaff. John Lowin (1576-1669) is known to have acted the part, "with mighty applause," says Wright, in his *Historia Histrionica*; but whether in one or both parts of the play does not appear. At the Restoration Cartwright acted Falstaff in both parts, and he was followed by Lacy. In 1700, when Betterton ceased playing Hotspur on account of his age and took the character of Falstaff, he probably appeared in both plays. He made an acting version of *The Second Part*, considerably changed from the original, which was acted in 1720 with Mills as Falstaff and Booth as King. Quinn, who was the best Falstaff of his time, chose *The Second Part* for his benefit at Drury Lane Theater in 1736; and other famous comedians who appeared in this play during the first half of the eighteenth century were Harper, Love, Woodward, and Shuter. Garrick played the King with Woodward as Falstaff in 1758; and in 1804 John and Charles Kemble played the parts of the King and the Prince. The next revival was in 1821, when a magnificent representation was given at Covent Garden Theatre, with highly spectacular interpolated scenes of the coronation. The cast included Macready as King and Charles Kemble as Prince. The latter actor occasionally essayed the part of Falstaff, but unsuccessfully. The play was included in Phelps's repertoire at Sadlers' Wells Theatre, London,

between 1844 and 1862, but only a few times even by that persistent reviver of Shakespeare.

In the United States Falstaff was first acted in the winter of 1761-1762 by David Douglass at his theatre in New York. There are twenty-six records of the play of *Henry IV* in T. Allston Brown's *History of the New York Stage from 1732 to 1901*, but none of these refer specifically to *The Second Part*.

Within the last six years the play has been presented by Mr. Benson's English company of Shakespearean players. It is only as a "revival," however, that it is put on the stage, and even then can hardly hold the attention of any save the scholarly curious.

Relation to the Tetralogy. — *Richard II*, *1 and 2 Henry IV*, and *Henry V* form a tetralogy of which the general subject is the vindication of the House of Lancaster. There is little doubt that the last three plays were written in immediate succession and followed the first after an interval of several years. There is a separation not only in time, but in style and treatment, between *Richard II* and the other plays. Its problem is that delicate and dangerous question as to the right of revolt, and this problem is worked out with psychological subtlety and political casuistry, expressed with lyric grace; a closet drama almost, in its fineness and delicacy, lacking the dramatic requisites of a controlling figure and unity of action centering around that figure. *The First Part of Henry IV* shows the insecurity of the usurping king, beset by foreign and domestic foes, and, above all, harassed by bitter, brooding dissatisfaction with his own son and heir. Another element is brought

in, not new to the English drama. As far back as the plays drawn from the Bible, the English people had been accustomed to scenes of rough local and contemporary comedy alternating with serious historic action. Shakespeare was but making use of a familiar device and improving on it in characteristic fashion. But in these scenes, at first sight so extraneous, the character of the Prince is revealed; here quite as much as on the battlefield at Shrewsbury the future king was developing those qualities that made of him a national hero. It is in this way that the play, composed of such apparently diverse elements, is unified; or rather this is the contribution of the comedy scenes to the tetralogy.

The Second Part of Henry IV has no such character interest as has *The First Part*. The Prince has met the challenge of fact and has found himself; he drifts back for a time to the taverns but the old life has lost its zest, and the new duties are not urgent. The themes of *The First Part* are repeated less vigorously in *The Second Part*; but Scrope's rebellion does not hold our imagination as did that of the Percys; and the tavern scenes lose half their fun when the Prince is not there to share it. The King becomes once more, or rather, perhaps for the first time, the central figure; and, broken in body and spirit, cries out against fortune that will "never come with both hands full." In the bitter review of his course the conscience of the usurper at last finds utterance. Then from the crowning grief of his life comes the crowning satisfaction: England, whom next himself he had loved, England, over whose fate he had poured forth his last

sighs, is to be saved, and saved by the very hands from which she had most to dread. Out of the misunderstandings and half truths, the accusations and confessions of the crown scene emerges one clear note,

“ You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me :
Then plain and right must my possession be.”

To a generation of casuists the conclusion may not be clear; to the Elizabethans it was triumphantly satisfactory. The play of *Henry V* is an epic chant of vindication. Here and there Shakespeare returns for a scene to something like the style of *Henry IV*; here and there for a brief moment the old method of character contrast is used or the King is seen in relations that dimly suggest the days of his jovial youth; but as a whole the play is heroic, the King moves in epic grandeur. All that Richard should have been, all that Henry IV longed to be, this Henry was, by the grace of God King.

Interpretation. — For the character of the Prince this play seems to begin after the climax. The crisis of Shrewsbury has no counterpart in *Part II*. For a time the Prince rusts in inaction. There is no foeman worthy of his steel; his father, harassed by illness and rebellion, grows distrustful again; and the Prince knows too well that “ every man’s thought ” would echo Poins’s judgment of him as “ a most princely hypocrite ” if he should express the solicitude he sincerely feels. There is then little light-heartedness in the Prince’s merrymaking, and the tavern scenes read almost like poor imitations of those in *The First Part*. With the curt farewell, “ Falstaff, good

night," the Prince passes out of the tavern world and the door closes on his old life. It is in the scenes with his father that his true character again asserts itself. The fifth scene of the fourth act is the psychological climax of the play, not brilliant and spectacular like that of *The First Part*, not easily understood except in the light of the whole action. With the third act begins the weakening of the King, passing through subtleties of gradation that Shakespeare well knew how to suggest; restlessness, irritability, explanatory and exculpating reminiscence, brooding distrust of the future, sudden flashes of vigor and firmness, until the broken and wearied body sinks to sleep that is deathlike in its grimness. Then from the cheerful, bustling outer world enters the Prince and is left alone to keep his vigil beside that quiet figure and the crown that has brought it low. In the spirit that is to animate his reign the Prince assumes the crown, and the King wakens to one last bitterness. Then comes the swift, tragic revulsion from a lifetime of reserve, and the pride of the Prince also melts in a flood of tenderness. Yet even here the Prince does not reveal his innermost self to his father; there is deeper purpose and finer feeling in the soliloquy in which he assumes the crown (IV. v. 21-47) than in his apology for his act (IV. v. 159-165).

It is in the light of this scene that the previous plays must be read and that the future acts of the young King must be judged. His scene with the Archbishop rings true; at first one is not quite so sure about the speeches with which he banishes Falstaff. Perhaps to modern thinking there must remain a protest against the King's

moral address; that at least we and Falstaff might have been spared; but the homiletic habit was a part of the English drama, inherited alike from the early religious plays and from Senecan tragedy; and no false shame or fear of being adjudged hypocrites caused Shakespeare's heroes to withhold their words of wisdom or of warning. The epilogue suggests that Falstaff was to go with the King's army to France; apparently Shakespeare did not see until after the play was finished that the part of Falstaff was played out; the king had come to his own, and in that realm he must reign alone.

The character of Falstaff defies analysis; we may admire and wonder, but we may not define. The nearest approach to satisfaction in that line was made by Maurice Morgann in the eighteenth century, and all that has been done since seems but an echo. Yet while not attempting to add to the countless characterizations of this consummate creation, we may compare Falstaff of *The Second Part* with Falstaff of *The First Part*. And here again we notice that we are dealing with action that has passed its turning point. Falstaff is indubitably grosser, more reprehensible; something of his charm has vanished; the glamour is less; and at times we see him in the pitiless light of fact. In the early tavern scenes, the Prince alone could fully appreciate Falstaff's wit, and consequently the Prince alone could bring it to full expression. Poins and Gadshill and Bardolph were but the audience before whom these two acted their never-flagging comedy. Keen, flexible, scintillating, the words flashed and darted like rapiers in the hands of matched combatants; and if the Prince was confessedly inferior,

at least he made Falstaff play manfully to prove him so. But by the exigency of the situation the Prince is no longer a whole-hearted participant in the tavern scenes of *The Second Part*, and withdraws from them altogether at the close of the second act. His place is taken by minor characters. Pistol, with his ridiculous medley of misquotations, was doubtless a more comic character to those who recognized his allusions than to us who must laboriously get them up from notes. Mistress Quickly is at her best in this play, and sets a standard of loquacity and verbiage that has never been surpassed. Doll Tearsheet, doubtless familiar to most of the audience, is a direful piece of realism. Falstaff is sent into the country to raise soldiers, and there meets those two worthy justices, Shallow and Silence. And now behold Sir John in a new rôle, urbane, patronizing, but condescending to familiarity; slightly bored withal, and finding relief in those incomparable soliloquies which go far toward raising the comedy of this play to the level of that of *The First Part*. The portrait of Shallow is astoundingly realistic; rural old age, narrow, fussy, obsequious, full of distorted memories of former glory, has never been more faithfully drawn. It is from these scenes, droll to the very limits of Shakespeare's power, but with no faintest connection with the main action of the play, that Falstaff rushes back to London, exulting in his own power, threatening "woe to my Lord Chief Justice." Then the swift reversal, and the hoary old sinner is hurried to the Fleet. A comedy conclusion, if that were all; but later Shakespeare saw that there was more in this story, and moved by something — was it dramatic insight, a feeling of æsthetic propriety, or was

it a touch of the real love that so many since have felt for Falstaff? — he wrote that marvelous description of Falstaff's death (*Henry V.* II. iii. 9-28), broad and almost brutal in its comedy, but tender and pathetic, even tragic in its essence, and above all true to life. And just as in his death, so throughout the two parts of *Henry IV*, it is truth to life that is the final effect that Falstaff produces on us. Other comic characters have been humorous and witty, others have been braggarts and cowards, others have been absurd physically and dazzling intellectually, but none of them all has lived as he has lived in the imaginations of men for three hundred years.



The Second Part of
Henry the Fourth

[DRAMATIS PERSONÆ]

RUMOUR, the Presenter.

KING HENRY IV.

HENRY, PRINCE [OF WALES], afterwards crowned King Henry V.

PRINCE JOHN OF LANCASTER,

[PRINCE] HUMPHREY OF GLOUCESTER, } sons to Henry IV and brethren
to Henry V.

THOMAS [DUKE] OF CLARENCE,

[EARL OF] NORTHUMBERLAND,

[SCROOP,] archbishop of York,

[LORD] MOWBRAY,

[LORD] HASTINGS,

LORD BARDOLPH,

TRAVERS, { retainers of North-

MORTON, { umberland,

[SIR JOHN] COLVILLE,

[EARL OF] WARWICK,

[EARL OF] WESTMORELAND,

[EARL OF] SURREY,

GOWER,

HARCOURT,

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE,

[SIR JOHN] FALSTAFF,

His PAGE,

POINS,

BARDOLPH,

PISTOL,

PETO,

SHALLOW, { *both country Justices.*

SILENCE,

DAVY, servant to Shallow.

FANG and SNARE, two Sergeants.

MOULDY,

SHADOW,

WART,

FEEBLE,

BULLCalf,

} opposites against King Henry IV.

} of the King's Party.

} irregular Humourists.

LADY NORTHUMBERLAND.

LADY PERCY.

QUICKLY, hostess [of a tavern in Eastcheap].

DOLL TEARSHEET.

[Lords and attendants; Porter] Drawers, Beadles, Grooms [Servants,
etc. A Dancer as] Epilogue.

[SCENE: *England.*]

The Second Part of
Henry the Fourth



INDUCTION

[*Warkworth. Before the castle.*]

Enter Rumour, painted full of tongues.

Rum. Open your ears ; for which of you will stop
The vent of hearing when loud Rumour speaks ?
I, from the orient to the drooping west,
Making the wind my post-horse, still unfold
The acts commenced on this ball of earth. 5
Upon my tongues continual slanders ride,
The which in every language I pronounce,
Stuffing the ears of men with false reports.
(I speak of peace, while covert enmity
Under the smile of safety wounds the world ; 10
And who but Rumour, who but only I,
Make fearful musters and prepar'd defence,
Whiles the big year, swoln with some other grief,
Is thought with child by the stern tyrant war,

And no such matter? Rumour is a pipe 15
 Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures,
 And of so easy and so plain a stop
 That the blunt monster with uncounted heads,
 The still-discordant wav'ring multitude,
 Can play upon it. But what need I thus 20
 My well-known body to anatomize
 Among my household? Why is Rumour here?
 I run before King Harry's victory,
 Who in a bloody field by Shrewsbury
 Hath beaten down young Hotspur and his troops,
 Quenching the flame of bold rebellion 26
 Even with the rebel's blood. But what mean I
 To speak so true at first? My office is
 To noise abroad that Harry Monmouth fell
 Under the wrath of noble Hotspur's sword, 30
 And that the King before the Douglas' rage
 Stoop'd his anointed head as low as death.
 This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
 Between that royal field of Shrewsbury
 And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone, 35
 Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
 Lies crafty-sick; The posts come tiring on,
 And not a man of them brings other news
 Than they have learn'd of me. From Rumour's
 tongues 39
 They bring smooth comforts false, worse than
 true wrongs. *Exit.*

- 1. " good stage effect. The int-
" could do.
2. Has good sign right light on
North character.*

ACT I

SCENE I

[*The same.*]

Enter Lord Bardolph at one door.

L. Bard. Who keeps the gate here, ho?

[*The Porter opens the gate.*]

Where is the Earl?

Port. What shall I say you are?

L. Bard. Tell thou the Earl
That the Lord Bardolph doth attend him here.

Port. His lordship is walk'd forth into the orchard.

Please it your honour, knock but at the gate, 5
And he himself will answer.

Enter Northumberland.

L. Bard. Here comes the Earl.

[*Exit Porter.*]

North. What news, Lord Bardolph? Every minute
now

Should be the father of some stratagem.

The times are wild; contention, like a horse
Full of high feeding, madly hath broke loose 10
And bears down all before him.

L. Bard.

Noble Earl,

I bring you certain news from Shrewsbury.

North. Good, an God will !

L. Bard.

As good as heart can wish.

The King is almost wounded to the death ;

And, in the fortune of my lord your son, 15

Prince Harry slain outright ; and both the Blunts

Kill'd by the hand of Douglas ; young Prince John

And Westmoreland and Stafford fled the field ;

And Harry Monmouth's brawn, the hulk Sir

John,

Is prisoner to your son. O, such a day, 20

So fought, so follow'd, and so fairly won,

Came not till now to dignify the times,

Since Cæsar's fortunes !

North.

How is this deriv'd ?

Saw you the field ? Came you from Shrewsbury ?

L. Bard. I spake with one, my lord, that came from
thence, 25

A gentleman well bred and of good name,

That freely rend'red me these news for true.

North. Here comes my servant Travers, who I sent

On Tuesday last to listen after news.

Enter Travers.

L. Bard. My lord, I over-rode him on the way ; 30

And he is furnish'd with no certainties

More than he haply may retail from me.

North. Now, Travers, what good tidings comes with you?

Tra. My lord, Sir John Umfrevile turn'd me back
With joyful tidings ; and, being better hors'd, 35
Out-rode me. After him came spurring hard
A gentleman, almost forspent with speed,
That stopp'd by me to breathe his bloodied horse.
He ask'd the way to Chester ; and of him
I did demand what news from Shrewsbury. 40
He told me that rebellion had bad luck,
And that young Harry Percy's spur was cold.
With that, he gave his able horse the head,
And bending forward struck his armed heels
Against the panting sides of his poor jade 45
Up to the rowel-head, and starting so
He seem'd in running to devour the way,
Staying no longer question.

North. Ha ! Again.
Said he young Harry Percy's spur was cold ?
Of Hotspur Coldspur ? That rebellion
Had met ill luck ?

L. Bard. My lord, I'll tell you what :
If my young lord your son have not the day,
Upon mine honour, for a silken point
I'll give my barony. Never talk of it.

North. Why should that gentleman that rode by
Travers
Give then such instances of loss?

L. Bard.

Who, he?

He was some hilding fellow that had stolen
The horse he rode on, and, upon my life,
Spoke at a venture. Look, here comes more news.

Enter Morton.

North. Yea, this man's brow, like to a title-leaf, 60
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.
So looks the strand whereon the imperious flood
Hath left a witness'd usurpation.

Say, Morton, didst thou come from Shrewsbury?

Mor. I ran from Shrewsbury, my noble lord, 65
Where hateful Death put on his ugliest mask
To fright our party.

North. How doth my son and brother?
Thou tremblest; and the whiteness in thy cheek
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand.
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless, 70
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,
Drew Priam's curtain in the dead of night,
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;
But Priam found the fire ere he his tongue,
And I my Percy's death ere thou report'st it. 75
This thou wouldst say, "Your son did thus and
thus;

Your brother thus; so fought the noble Doug-
las;"

Stopping my greedy ear with their bold deeds;

But in the end, to stop my ear indeed,
 Thou hast a sigh to blow away this praise, 80
 Ending with "Brother, son, and all are dead."

Mor. Douglas is living, and your brother yet ;
 But, for my lord your son, —

North. Why, he is dead.

See what a ready tongue suspicion hath !
 He that but fears the thing he would not know 85
 Hath by instinct knowledge from others' eyes
 That what he fear'd is chanc'd. Yet speak,
 Morton ;

Tell thou an earl his divination lies,
 And I will take it as a sweet disgrace
 And make thee rich for doing me such wrong. 90

Mor. You are too great to be by me gainsaid ;
 Your spirit is too true, your fears too certain.

North. Yet, for all this, say not that Percy's dead.

I see a strange confession in thine eye.

Thou shak'st thy head and hold'st it fear or sin 95
 To speak a truth. If he be slain, [say so ;]

The tongue offends not that reports his death ;
 And he doth sin that doth belie the dead,

Not he which says the dead is not alive.

Yet the first bringer of unwelcome news 100

Hath but a losing office, and his tongue
 Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Rememb'red tolling a departing friend.

L. Bard. I cannot think, my lord, your son is dead.

Mor. I am sorry I should force you to believe 105
 That which I would to God I had not seen ;
 But these mine eyes saw him in bloody state,
 Rendering faint quittance, wearied and out-
 breath'd,
 To Harry Monmouth ; whose swift wrath beat
 down
 The never-daunted Percy to the earth, 110
 From whence with life he never more sprung up.
 In few, his death, whose spirit lent a fire
 Even to the dullest peasant in his camp,
 { Being bruited once, took fire and heat away
 / From the best-temper'd courage in his troops ; 115
 For from his metal was his party steel'd ;
 Which once in him abated, all the rest
 Turn'd on themselves, like dull and heavy lead.
 And as the thing that's heavy in itself,
 Upon enforcement flies with greatest speed, 120
 So did our men, heavy in Hotspur's loss,
 Lend to this weight such lightness with their fear
 That arrows fled not swifter toward their aim
 Than did our soldiers, aiming at their safety,
 Fly from the field. Then was that noble Worces-
 ter 125
 Too soon ta'en prisoner ; and that furious Scot,
 The bloody Douglas, whose well-labouring sword
 Had three times slain the appearance of the King,
 Gan vail his stomach and did grace the shame

lower his courage

Of those that turn'd their backs, and in his flight,
Stumbling in fear, was took. The sum of all 131
{ Is that the King hath won, and hath sent out
A speedy power to encounter you, my lord,
Under the conduct of young Lancaster
And Westmoreland. This is the news at full. 135

North. For this I shall have time enough to mourn.

In poison there is physic ; and these news,
Having been well, that would have made me sick,
Being sick, have in some measure made me well.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weak'ned joints,
Like strengthless hinges, buckle under life, 141
Impatient of his fit, breaks like a fire
Out of his keeper's arms, even so my limbs,
Weak'ned with grief, being now enrag'd with grief,
Are thrice themselves. Hence, therefore, thou
 nice crutch ! 145

A scaly gauntlet now with joints of steel
Must glove this hand ; and hence, thou sickly
 quoif ! *cap worn in rehearsal*

Thou art a guard too wanton for the head
Which princes, flesh'd with conquest, aim to hit.
Now bind my brows with iron ; and approach 150
The ragged'st hour that time and spite dare bring
To frown upon the enrag'd Northumberland !
Let heaven kiss earth ! Now let not Nature's
 hand

Keep the wild flood confin'd ! Let order die !

And let this world no longer be a stage 155

To feed contention in a ling'ring act ;

But let one spirit of the first-born Cain

Reign in all bosoms, that, each heart being set

On bloody courses, the rude scene may end,

And darkness be the burier of the dead ! 160

[*Tra.*] This strained passion doth you wrong, my lord.

L. Bard. Sweet Earl, divorce not wisdom from your honour.

Mor. The lives of all your loving complices

Lean on your health ; the which, if you give o'er

To stormy passion, must perforce decay. 165

[You cast the event of war, my noble lord,

And summ'd the account of chance, before you said,

"Let us make head." It was your presurmise,

That, in the dole of blows, your son might drop.

You knew he walk'd o'er perils, on an edge, 170

More likely to fall in than to get o'er ;

You were advis'd his flesh was capable

Of wounds and scars, and that his forward spirit

Would lift him where most trade of danger rang'd ;

Yet did you say, "Go forth !" and none of this, 175

Though strongly apprehended, could restrain

The stiff-borne action. What hath then befallen,

Or what hath this bold enterprise brought forth,

More than that being which was like to be ?]

L. Bard. We all that are engaged to this loss 180

Knew that we ventur'd on such dangerous seas
That if we wrought out life 'twas ten to one ;
And yet we ventur'd, for the gain propos'd
Chok'd the respect of likely peril fear'd ;
And since we are o'erset, venture again. 185
Come, we will all put forth, body and goods.

Mor. 'Tis more than time ; and, my most noble lord,
I hear for certain, and do speak the truth,
[The gentle Archbishop of York is up
With well-appointed powers. He is a man 190
Who with a double surety binds his followers.
My lord your son had only but the corpse,
But shadows and the shows of men, to fight ;
For that same word, rebellion, did divide
The action of their bodies from their souls ; 195
And they did fight with queasiness, constrain'd,
As men drink potions, that their weapons only
Seem'd on our side ; but, for their spirits and
souls,
This word, rebellion, it had froze them up,
As fish are in a pond. But now the Bishop 200
Turns insurrection to religion.
Suppos'd sincere and holy in his thoughts,
He's follow'd both with body and with mind ;
And doth enlarge his rising with the blood
Of fair King Richard, scrap'd from Pomfret
stones ; 205
Derives from heaven his quarrel and his cause ;

Tells them he doth bestride a bleeding land,
 Gasping for life under great Bolingbroke ;
 And more and less do flock to follow him.]

North. I knew of this before ; but, to speak truth, 210
 This present grief had wip'd it from my mind.
 Go in with me ; and counsel every man
 The aptest way for safety and revenge.
 Get posts and letters, and make friends with
 speed, —
 Never so few, and never yet more need. 215

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*London. A street.*]

Enter Falstaff, with his Page bearing his sword and buckler.

Fal. Sirrah, you giant, what says the doctor to my water ?

Page. He said, sir, the water itself was a good healthy water ; but, for the party that ow'd it, he might have moe diseases than he knew for. 5

Fal. Men of all sorts take a pride to gird at me. The brain of this foolish-compounded clay, man, is not able to invent anything that intends to laughter, more than I invent or is invented on me. I am not only witty in myself, 10
 but the cause that wit is in other men. I do here

walk before thee like a sow that hath overwhelm'd all her litter but one. If the Prince put thee into my service for any other reason than to set me off, why then I have no judgment. Thou whoreson mandrake, thou art fitter to be worn in my cap than to wait at my heels. I was never mann'd with an agate till now ; but I will inset you neither in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and send you back again to your master, for a jewel, — the juvenal, the Prince your master, whose chin is not yet fledg'd. I will sooner have a beard grow in the palm of my hand than he shall get one off his cheek ; and yet he will not stick to say his face is a face royal. God may finish it when he will, 'tis not a hair amiss yet. He may keep it still at a face royal, for a barber shall never earn sixpence out of it ; and yet he'll be crowing as if he had writ man ever since his father was a bachelor. He may keep his own grace, but he's almost out of mine, I can assure him. What said Master Dommelton about the satin for my short cloak and my slops?

Page. He said, sir, you should procure him better assurance than Bardolph. He would not take his band and yours. He lik'd not the security.

Fal. Let him be damn'd like the glutton ! Pray

God his tongue be hotter! A whoreson 40
• Achitophel! a rascally yea-for-sooth knave!
to bear a gentleman in hand, and then stand
upon security! The whoreson smooth-pates
do now wear nothing but high shoes, and
bunches of keys at their girdles; and if a man 45
is through with them in honest taking up,
then they must stand upon security. I had as
lief they would put ratsbane in my mouth as
offer to stop it with security. I look'd 'a
should have sent me two and twenty yards of
satin, as I am a true knight, and he sends me 50
security. Well, he may sleep in security; for
he hath the horn of abundance, and yet the
lightness of his wife shines through it; and yet
cannot he see, though he have his own lan-
thorn to light him. Where's Bardolph? 55

Page. He's gone into Smithfield to buy your
worship a horse.

Fal. I bought him in Paul's, and he'll buy me a
horse in Smithfield. An I could get me but
a wife in the stews, I were mann'd, hors'd, 60
and wiv'd.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice and Servant.

Page. Sir, here comes the nobleman that com-
mitted the Prince for striking him about
Bardolph.

Fal. Wait close ; I will not see him.

65

Ch. Just. What's he that goes there ?

Serv. Falstaff, an't please your lordship.

Ch. Just. He that was in question for the robbery ?

Serv. He, my lord ; but he hath since done good service at Shrewsbury, and, as I hear, is now going with some charge to the Lord John of Lancaster.

70

Ch. Just. What, to York ? Call him back again.

75

Serv. Sir John Falstaff !

Fal. Boy, tell him I am deaf.

Page. You must speak louder ; my master is deaf.

Ch. Just. I am sure he is, to the hearing of anything good. Go, pluck him by the elbow ; I must speak with him.

80

Serv. Sir John !

Fal. What ! a young knave, and begging ! Is there not wars ? Is there not employment ? Doth not the King lack subjects ? Do not the rebels need soldiers ? Though it be a shame to be on any side but one, it is worse shame to beg than to be on the worst side, were it worse than the name of rebellion can tell how to make it.

85

90

Serv. You mistake me, sir.

Fal. Why, sir, did I say you were an honest man ?

Setting my knighthood and my soldiership
aside, I had lied in my throat, if I had said so.

Serv. I pray you, sir, then set your knighthood 95
and your soldiership aside ; and give me leave
to tell you you lie in your throat if you say I
am any other than an honest man.

Fal. I give thee leave to tell me so ! I lay aside
that which grows to me ! If thou get'st any 100
leave of me, hang me ; if thou tak'st leave,
thou wert better be hang'd. You hunt
counter ; hence ! avaunt !

Serv. Sir, my lord would speak with you.

Ch. Just. Sir John Falstaff, a word with you. 105

Fal. My good lord ! God give your lordship good
time of day. I am glad to see your lordship
abroad. I heard say your lordship was sick ;
I hope your lordship goes abroad by advice.
Your lordship, though not clean past your 110
youth, hath yet some smack of age in you,
some relish of the saltness of time in you ; and
I most humbly beseech your lordship to have
a reverent care of your health.

Ch. Just. Sir John, I sent for you before your expe- 115
dition to Shrewsbury.

Fal. An't please your lordship, I hear his Maj-
esty is return'd with some discomfort from
Wales.

Ch. Just. I talk not of his Majesty. You would 120
not come when I sent for you.

Fal. And I hear, moreover, his Highness is fallen into this same whoreson apoplexy.

Ch. Just. Well, God mend him ! I pray you, let me speak with you. 125

Fal. This apoplexy, as I take it, is a kind of lethargy, an't please your lordship, a kind of sleeping in the blood, a whoreson tingling.

Ch. Just. What tell you me of it? Be it as it is. 130

Fal. It hath it original from much grief, from study, and perturbation of the brain. I have read the cause of his effects in Galen. It is a kind of deafness.

Ch. Just. I think you are fallen into the disease ; for you hear not what I say to you. 135

[*Fal.*] Very well, my lord, very well. Rather, an't please you, it is the disease of not listening, the malady of not marking, that I am troubled withal. 140

Ch. Just. To punish you by the heels would amend the attention of your ears ; and I care not if I do become your physician.

Fal. I am as poor as Job, my lord, but not so patient. Your lordship may minister the 145
potion of imprisonment to me in respect of poverty ; but how I should be your patient to follow your prescriptions, the wise may make some dram of a scruple, or indeed a scruple itself.

Ch. Just. I sent for you, when there were matters 150
against you for your life, to come speak with me.

Fal. As I was then advis'd by my learned counsel
in the laws of this land-service, I did not
come.

Ch. Just. Well, the truth is, Sir John, you live in 155
great infamy.

Fal. He that buckles himself in my belt cannot
live in less.

Ch. Just. Your means is very slender, and your
waste is great. 160

Fal. I would it were otherwise ; I would my means
were greater, and my waist slenderer.

Ch. Just. You have misled the youthful prince.

Fal. The young prince hath misled me. I am
the fellow with the great belly, and he my 165
dog.

Ch. Just. Well, I am loath to gall a new-heal'd
wound. Your day's service at Shrewsbury
hath a little gilded over your night's exploit
on Gadshill. You may thank the unquiet 170
time for your quiet o'er-posting that action.

Fal. My lord ?

Ch. Just. But since all is well, keep it so. Wake
not a sleeping wolf.

Fal. To wake a wolf is as bad as smell a fox. 175

Ch. Just. What ! you are as a candle, the better
part burnt out.

Fal. A wassail candle, my lord, all tallow. If I did say of wax, my growth would approve the truth. 180

Ch. Just. There is not a white hair in your face but should have his effect of gravity.

Fal. His effect of gravy, gravy, gravy.

Ch. Just. You follow the young prince up and down, like his ill angel. 185

Fal. Not so, my lord. Your ill angel is light ; but I hope he that looks upon me will take me without weighing ; and yet, in some respects, I grant, I cannot go. I cannot tell. Virtue is of so little regard in these costermongers' times that true Valour is turned bear-herd ; Pregnancy is made a tapster, and his quick wit wasted in giving reckonings ; all the other gifts appertinent to man, as the malice of this age shapes them, are not worth a gooseberry. 195

*stuck
romance
tells
Faint* You that are old consider not the capacities of us that are young ; you do measure the heat of our livers with the bitterness of your galls ; and we that are in the vaward of our youth, I must confess, are wags too. 200

Ch. Just. Do you set down your name in the scroll of youth, that are written down old with all the characters of age ? Have you not a moist eye, a dry hand, a yellow cheek, a white beard, a decreasing leg, an increasing belly ? Is not 205

your voice broken, your wind short, your chin double, your wit single, and every part about you blasted with antiquity? And will you yet call yourself young? Fie, fie, fie, Sir John!

Fal. My lord, I was born about three of the clock in the afternoon, with a white head and something of a round belly. For my voice, I have lost it with hallooing and singing of anthems. To approve my youth further, I will not. The truth is, I am only old in judgement and understanding; and he that will caper with me for a thousand marks, let him lend me the money, and have at him! For the box of the ear that the Prince gave you, he gave it like a rude prince, and you took it like a sensible lord. I have check'd him for it, and the young lion repents; marry, not in ashes and sackcloth, but in new silk and old sack.

Ch. Just. Well, God send the Prince a better companion !

Fal. God send the companion a better prince ! I 225
cannot rid my hands of him.

Ch. Just. Well, the King hath sever'd you [and Prince Harry]. I hear you are going with Lord John of Lancaster against the Archbishop and the Earl of Northumberland.

Fal. Yea, I thank your pretty sweet wit for it.
But look you pray, all you that kiss my lady
Peace at home, that our armies join not in

a hot day; for, by the Lord, I take but two shirts out with me, and I mean not to sweat 235 extraordinarily. If it be a hot day, and I brandish anything but a bottle, I would I might never spit white again. There is not a dangerous action can peep out his head but I am thrust upon it. Well, I cannot last ever; but it 240 was alway yet the trick of our English nation, if they have a good thing, to make it too common. (If ye will needs say I am an old man, you should give me rest. I would to God my name were not so terrible to the enemy as it is.) I were 245 better to be eaten to death with a rust than to be scoured to nothing with perpetual motion.

Ch. Just. Well, be honest, be honest; and God bless your expedition!

Fal. Will your lordship lend me a thousand pound 250 to furnish me forth?

Ch. Just. Not a penny, not a penny; you are too impatient to bear crosses. Fare you well! Commend me to my cousin Westmoreland.

[*Exeunt Chief Justice and Servant.*]

Fal. If I do, fillip me with a three-man beetle. 255
A man can no more separate age and covetousness than 'a can part young limbs and lechery; but the gout galls the one, and the pox pinches the other, and so both the degrees prevent my curses. Boy! 260

Page. Sir?

Fal. What money is in my purse?

Page. Seven groats and two pence.

Fal. I can get no remedy against this consumption
of the purse. Borrowing only lingers and 265
lingers it out, but the disease is incurable.
Go bear this letter to my Lord of Lancaster;
this to the Prince; this to the Earl of West-
moreland; and this to old Mistress Ursula,
whom I have weekly sworn to marry since I 270
perceiv'd the first white hair of my chin.
About it. You know where to find me. [*Exit*
Page.] A pox of this gout! or, a gout of this
pox! for the one or the other plays the rogue
with my great toe. 'Tis no matter if I do halt; 275
I have the wars for my colour, and my pension
shall seem the more reasonable. A good wit
will make use of anything. I will turn dis-
eases to commodity.

Exit.

SCENE III

[*York. The Archbishop's palace.*]

*Enter the Archbishop, the Lords Hastings, Mowbray,
and Bardolph.*

Arch. Thus have you heard our cause and known
our means;

And, my most noble friends, I pray you all,

Speak plainly your opinions of our hopes.
And first, Lord Marshal, what say you to it?

Mowb. I well allow the occasion of our arms; 5
But gladly would be better satisfied
How in our means we should advance ourselves
To look with forehead bold and big enough
Upon the power and puissance of the King.

Hast. Our present musters grow upon the file 10
To five and twenty thousand men of choice;
And our supplies live largely in the hope
Of great Northumberland, whose bosom burns
With an incensed fire of injuries.

L. Bard. The question then, Lord Hastings, standeth
thus : 15
Whether our present five and twenty thousand
May hold up head without Northumberland?

Hast. With him, we may.

L. Bard. Yea, marry, there's the point!
But if without him we be thought too feeble,
My judgement is, we should not step too far 20
[Till we had his assistance by the hand;
For, in a theme so bloody-fac'd as this,
Conjecture, expectation, and surmise
Of aids incertain should not be admitted].

Arch. 'Tis very true, Lord Bardolph; for indeed 25
It was young Hotspur's case at Shrewsbury.

L. Bard. It was, my lord; who lin'd himself with
hope,

Eating the air, and promise of supply,
Flatt'ring himself in project of a power
Much smaller than the smallest of his thoughts ;
And so, with great imagination 31
Proper to madmen, led his powers to death,
And winking leap'd into destruction.

Hast. But, by your leave, it never yet did hurt
To lay down likelihoods and forms of hope. 35

L. Bard. [Yes, if this present quality of war
Needed the instant action. A cause on foot
Lives so in hope as in an early spring
We see the appearing buds, which to prove
fruit

Hope gives not so much warrant, as despair 40
That frosts will bite them. When we mean to
build,

We first survey the plot, then draw the model ;
And when we see the figure of the house,
Then must we rate the cost of the erection ;
Which if we find outweighs ability, 45

What do we then but draw anew the model
In fewer offices, or at least desist
To build at all ? Much more, in this great work,
Which is almost to pluck a kingdom down
And set another up, should we survey 50
The plot of situation and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation,
Question surveyors, know our own estate,

How able such a work to undergo,
To weigh against his opposite ; or else] 55
We fortify in paper and in figures,
Using the names of men instead of men ;
Like one that draws the model of a house
Beyond his power to build it ; who, half
through,
Gives o'er and leaves his part-created cost 60
A naked subject to the weeping clouds
And waste for churlish winter's tyranny.

Hast. Grant that our hopes, yet likely of fair birth,
Should be still-born, and that we now possess'd
The utmost man of expectation, 65
I think we are a body strong enough,
Even as we are, to equal with the King.

L. Bard. What, is the King but five and twenty
thousand ?

Hast. To us no more ; nay, not so much, Lord Bar-
dolph.

For his divisions, as the times do brawl, 70
Are in three heads : one power against the
French,

And one against Glendower ; perforce a third
Must take up us. So is the unfirm King
In three divided ; and his coffers sound
With hollow poverty and emptiness. 75

Arch. That he should draw his several strengths
together

And come against us in full puissance,
Need not to be dreaded.

Hast. If he should do so,
To French and Welsh he leaves his back un-
arm'd,

They baying him at the heels. Never fear that.

L. Bard. Who is it like should lead his forces
hither? 81

Hast. The Duke of Lancaster and Westmoreland;
Against the Welsh, himself and Harry Mon-
mouth;

But who is substituted 'gainst the French,
I have no certain notice.

[*Arch.* Let us on, 85
And publish the occasion of our arms.

The commonwealth is sick of their own choice;
Their over-greedy love hath surfeited.

An habitation giddy and unsure

Hath he that buildeth on the vulgar heart. 90

O thou fond many, with what loud applause

Didst thou beat heaven with blessing Boling-
broke,

Before he was what thou wouldst have him be!

And being now trimm'd in thine own desires,

Thou, beastly feeder, art so full of him, 95

That thou provok'st thyself to cast him up.

So, so, thou common dog, didst thou disgorge

Thy glutton bosom of the royal Richard;

He is a man of a great heart.

How he will be able to do it.

And now thou wouldst eat thy dead vomit up,
And howl'st to find it. What trust is in these
times? 100

They that, when Richard liv'd, would have him
die,

Are now become enamour'd on his grave.

Thou, that threw'st dust upon his goodly head

When through proud London he came sighing on

After the admired heels of Bolingbroke, 105

Cri'st now, "O earth, yield us that king again,

And take thou this!" O thoughts of men accurs'd!

☛ Past and to come seems best; things present
worst.]

Mowb. Shall we go draw our numbers and set
on? 109

Hast. We are Time's subjects, and Time bids be
gone. *Exeunt.*



ACT SECOND

SCENE I

[*London. A street.*]

Enter Hostess, Fang [and his Boy with her,] and Snare following.

Host. Master Fang, have you ent'red the action?

Fang. It is ent'red.

Host. Where's your yeoman? Is't a lusty yeoman? Will 'a stand to't? 5

Fang. Sirrah, where's Snare?

Host. O Lord, ay! good Master Snare.

Snare. Here, here.

Fang. Snare, we must arrest Sir John Falstaff.

Host. Yea, good Master Snare; I have ent'red him and all. 10

Snare. It may chance cost some of us our lives, for he will stab.

Host. Alas the day! take heed of him. He stabb'd me in mine own house, [and that] most beastly. In good faith, 'a cares not what mischief he does, if his weapon be out. He will foin like any devil; he will spare neither man, woman, nor child. 15

*I am 's' almost a reproduction of
myself in H & G.
Henry a strong character. H. imit.*

Sc. I Henry the Fourth, Part III

31

Fang. If I can close with him, I care not for 20
his thrust.

Host. No, nor I neither. I'll be at your elbow.

Fang. An I but fist him once; an 'a come but
within my vice, —

Host. I am undone by his going; I warrant you, 25
he's an infinitive thing upon my score. Good
Master Fang, hold him sure. Good Master
Snare, let him not scape. 'A comes continu-
antly to Pie-corner — saving your manhoods
— to buy a saddle; and he is indited to dinner 30
to the Lubber's-head in Lumbert street, to
Master Smooth's the silk-man. I pray you,
action since my exion is ent'red and my case so openly
known to the world, let him be brought in to
his answer. A hundred mark is a long one for 35
a poor lone woman to bear; and I have borne,
and borne, and borne, and have been fubb'd
off, and fubb'd off, and fubb'd off, from this
day to that day, that it is a shame to be thought
on. There is no honesty in such dealing; un-
less a woman should be made an ass and a 40
beast, to bear every knave's wrong. Yonder he
comes; and that arrant malmsey-nose knave,
Bardolph, with him. Do your offices, do your
offices, Master Fang and Master Snare; do
me, do me, do me your offices. 45

*This evidence she & was not a
'ward. They were afraid to attack him.
Would they be afraid to 's' him though?
He had no woman's conversation with him.*

Enter Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Fal. How now ! whose mare's dead ? What's the matter ?

Fang. [Sir John,] I arrest you at the suit of Mistress Quickly.

Fal. Away, varlets ! Draw, Bardolph ; cut me 50
off the villain's head. Throw the quean in
the channel.

Host. Throw me in the channel ! I'll throw
thee in the channel. Wilt thou ? wilt thou ?
thou bastardy rogue ! Murder, murder ! Ah, 55
thou honey-suckle villain ! wilt thou kill God's
officers and the King's ? Ah, thou honey-seed
rogue ! thou art a honey-seed, a man-queller,
and a woman-queller.

Fal. Keep them off, Bardolph. 60

Fang. A rescue ! a rescue !

Host. Good people, bring a rescue or two. Thou
wo't, wo't thou ? thou wo't, wo't ta ? Do,
do, thou rogue ! do, thou hempseed !

Page. Away, you scullion ! you rampallian ! you 65
fustilarian ! I'll tickle your catastrophe.

Enter the Lord Chief Justice, and his men.

Ch. Just. What is the matter ? Keep the peace
here, ho !

Host. Good my lord, be good to me. I beseech
you, stand to me. 70

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John ! what, are you brawling
here ?

Doth this become your place, your time and busi-
ness ?

You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow ; wherefore hang'st thou
upon him ?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your 75
Grace, I an a poor widow of Eastcheap, and
he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum ?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord ; it is for
all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and 80
home ; he hath put all my substance into that
fat belly of his ; but I will have some of it out
again, or I will ride thee o' nights like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I
have any vantage of ground to get up. 85

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John ? Fie ! what
man of good temper would endure this tem-
pest of exclamation ? Are you not asham'd
to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to
come by her own ? 90

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee ?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself
and the money too. Thou didst swear to me

upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin
 chamber, at the round table, by a seacoal fire,
 upon Wednesday in Wheeson week, when the 95
 Prince broke thy head for liking his father
 to a singing-man of Windsor, thou didst swear
 to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to
 marry me and make me my lady thy wife.
 Canst thou deny it? Did not good wife 100
 Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and
 call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a
 mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish
 of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat
 some; whereby I told thee they were ill for 105
 a green wound? And didst thou not, when she
 was gone downstairs, desire me to be no more so
 familiarity with such poor people, saying that
 ere long they should call me madam? And
 didst thou not kiss me and bid me fetch thee 110
 thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-
 oath. Deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she
 says up and down the town that her eldest
 son is like you. She hath been in good case, 115
 and the truth is, poverty hath distracted her.
 But for these foolish officers, I beseech you I
 may have redress against them.

Ch. Just. Sir John, Sir John, I am well acquainted < - -
 with your manner of wrenching the true 120

cause the false way. It is not a confident brow, nor the throng of words that come with such more than impudent sauciness from you, can thrust me from a level consideration. You have, as it appears to me, practis'd upon the easy-yielding spirit of this woman, and made her serve your uses both in purse and in person. 125

Host. Yea, in truth, my lord.

Ch. Just. Pray thee, peace. Pay her the debt you owe her, and unpay the villainy you have done with her. The one you may do with sterling money, and the other with current repentance. 130

Fal. My lord, I will not undergo this sneap without reply. You call honourable boldness impudent sauciness; if a man will make curtsy and say nothing, he is virtuous. No, my lord, my humble duty rememb'ed, I will not be your suitor. I say to you, I do desire deliverance from these officers, being upon hasty employment in the King's affairs. 135 140

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess.

Enter Gower.

Ch. Just. Now, Master Gower, what news? 145

Gow. The King, my lord, and Harry Prince of Wales
Are near at hand. The rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman.

Host. Faith, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more 150
words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I
must be fain to pawn both my plate and the
tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses, is the only drinking; and 155
for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the
story of the Prodigal, or the German hunting
in water-work, is worth a thousand of these
bed-hangers and these fly-bitten tapestries.
Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, an't 160
were not for thy humours, there's not a better
wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw
the action. Come, thou must not be in this
humour with me; dost not know me? Come,
come, I know thou wast set on to this. 165

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty
nobles. I' faith, I am loath to pawn my
plate, so God save me, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift. You'll
be a fool still. 170

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn
my gown. I hope you'll come to supper.
You'll pay me altogether?

Fal. Will I live? [*To Bardolph.*] Go, with her,
with her; hook on, hook on. 175

Host. Will you have Doll Tearsheet meet you
at supper?

Fal. No more words; let's have her.

[*Exeunt Hostess, Bardolph, Officers, and Boy.*]

Ch. Just. I have heard better news.

Fal. What's the news, my lord? 180

Ch. Just. Where lay the King to-night?

Gow. At [*Basingstoke*], my lord.

Fal. I hope, my lord, all's well. What is the
news, my lord?

Ch. Just. Come all his forces back? 185

Gow. No; fifteen hundred foot, five hundred horse,
Are march'd up to my Lord of Lancaster.
Against Northumberland and the Archbishop.

Fal. Comes the King back from Wales, my noble lord?

Ch. Just. You shall have letters of me presently. 190
Come, go along with me, good Master Gower.

Fal. My lord!

Ch. Just. What's the matter?

Fal. Master Gower, shall I entreat you with me
to dinner? 195

Gow. I must wait upon my good lord here; I
thank you, good Sir John.

Ch. Just. Sir John, you loiter here too long, being
you are to take soldiers up in counties as
you go. 200

Fal. Will you sup with me, Master Gower?

Ch. Just. What foolish master taught you these manners, Sir John?

Fal. Master Gower, if they become me not, he was a fool that taught them me. This is the 205
right fencing grace, my lord; tap for tap, and so part fair.

Ch. Just. Now the Lord lighten thee! thou art
a great fool. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II

[*London. Another street.*]

Enter Prince Henry and Poins.

Prince. Before God, I am exceeding weary.

Poins. Is't come to that? I had thought weariness durst not have attach'd one of so high blood.

Prince. Faith, it does me, though it discolours 5
the complexion of my greatness to acknowledge it. Doth it not show vilely in me to desire small beer?

Poins. Why, a prince should not be so loosely studied as to remember so weak a composition. 10

Prince. Belike then my appetite was not princely got, for, by my troth, I do now remember the poor creature, small beer. But, indeed, these humble considerations make me out

*Being better near death - he has
life - for as he will be
happy in it he is too sad.*

of love with my greatness. What a disgrace 15
is it to me to remember thy name ! or to
know thy face to-morrow ! or to take note how
many pair of silk stockings thou hast, viz.,
these, and those that were thy peach-colour'd
ones ! or to bear the inventory of thy shirts, 20
as, one for superfluity, and another for use !
But that the tennis-court-keeper knows better
than I ; for it is a low ebb of linen with thee
when thou keepest not racket there ; as thou
hast not done a great while, because the rest of
the low countries have [made a shift to] eat up 25
thy holland. And God knows, whether those
that bawl out the ruins of thy linen shall inherit
his kingdom : but the midwives say the children
are not in the fault ; whereupon the world in-
creases, and kindreds are mightily strengthened. 30

Poins. How ill it follows, after you have labour'd
so hard, you should talk so idly ! Tell me,
how many good young princes would do so, their
fathers being so sick as yours at this time is ?

Prince. Shall I tell thee one thing, Poins ? 35

Poins. Yes, faith ; and let it be an excellent
good thing.

Prince. It shall serve among wits of no higher
breeding than thine.

Poins. Go to ; I stand the push of your one 40
thing that you will tell.

Prince. Marry, I tell thee, it is not meet that I should be sad, now my father is sick ; albeit I could tell to thee, as to one it pleases me, for fault of a better, to call my friend, I could be sad, and sad indeed too. 45

Poins. Very hardly upon such a subject.

Prince. By this hand, thou think'st me as far in the devil's book as thou and Falstaff for obduracy and persistency. Let the end try the man. But I tell thee, my heart bleeds inwardly that my father is so sick ; and keeping such vile company as thou art hath in reason taken from me all ostentation of sorrow. 50

Poins. The reason ? 55

Prince. What wouldst thou think of me, if I should weep ?

Poins. I would think thee a most princely hypocrite.

Prince. It would be every man's thought ; and thou art a blessed fellow to think as every man thinks. Never a man's thought in the world keeps the road-way better than thine. Every man would think me an hypocrite indeed. And what accites your most worshipful thought to think so ? 60 65

Poins. Why, because you have been so lewd and so much engrafted to Falstaff.

Prince. And to thee.

Poins. By this light, I am well spoke on ; I can
hear it with mine own ears. The worst 70
that they can say of me is that I am a second
brother and that I am a proper fellow of my
hands ; and those two things, I confess, I can-
not help. By the mass, here comes Bardolph.

Enter Bardolph and Page.

Prince. And the boy that I gave Falstaff. 'A 75
had him from me Christian ; and look, if
the fat villain have not transform'd him ape.

Bard. God save your Grace !

Prince. And yours, most noble Bardolph !

Poins. Come, you virtuous ass, you bashful fool, 80
must you be blushing ? Wherefore blush
you now ? What a maidenly man-at-arms are
you become ! Is't such a matter to get a
pottle-pot's maidenhead ?

Page. 'A calls me e'en now, my lord, through a 85
red lattice, and I could discern no part of his
face from the window. At last I spied his eyes,
and methought he had made two holes in the
ale-wife's [new] petticoat and so peep'd through.

Prince. Has not the boy profited ? 90

Bard. Away, you whoreson upright rabbit,
away !

Page. Away, you rascally Althæa's dream,
away !

Prince. Instruct us, boy ; what dream, boy ? 95

Page. Marry, my lord, Althæa dream'd she was delivered of a fire-brand ; and therefore I call him her dream.

Prince. A crown's worth of good interpretation.
There 'tis, boy. 100

Poins. O, that this [good] blossom could be kept from cankers ! Well, there is sixpence to preserve thee.

Bard. An you do not make him hang'd among you, the gallows shall have wrong. 105

Prince. And how doth thy master, Bardolph ?

Bard. Well, my lord. He heard of your Grace's coming to town. There's a letter for you.

Poins. Deliver'd with good respect. And how doth the martlemas, your master ? 110

Bard. In bodily health, sir.

Poins. Marry, the immortal part needs a physician ; but that moves not him. Though that be sick, it dies not.

Prince. I do allow this wen to be as familiar 115
with me as my dog, and he holds his place,
for look you how he writes.

Poins. [*Reads.*] "John Falstaff, knight," — every man must know that, as oft as he has occasion to name himself ; even like those that 120
are kin to the King, for they never prick their finger but they say, "There's some of the

King's blood spilt." "How comes that?"
says he, that takes upon him not to conceive.
The answer is as ready as a borrower's cap, 125
"I am the King's poor cousin, sir."

Prince. Nay, they will be kin to us, or they will
fetch it from Japhet. But the letter :
Prince. "Sir John Falstaff, knight, to the son of
the King nearest his father, Harry Prince of 130
Wales, greeting."

Poins. Why, this is a certificate.

Prince. Peace !

"I will imitate the honourable Romans in
brevity." 135

Poins. He sure means brevity in breath, short-
winded.

[*Prince.*] "I commend me to thee, I commend
thee, and I leave thee. Be not too familiar
with Poins; for he misuses thy favours so
much, that he swears thou art to marry his
sister Nell. Repent at idle times as thou may- 140
est; and so, farewell.

"Thine, by yea and no, which is as much
as to say, as thou usest him, JACK
FALSTAFF with my familiars, JOHN
with my brothers and sisters, and 145
SIR JOHN with all Europe."

Poins. My lord, I'll steep this letter in sack and
make him eat it.

Prince. That's to make him eat twenty of his words. But do you use me thus, Ned? 150
Must I marry your sister?

Poins. God send the wench no worse fortune!
But I never said so.

Prince. Well, thus we play the fools with the time, and the spirits of the wise sit in the 155
clouds and mock us. Is your master here in London?

Bard. Yea, my lord.

Prince. Where sups he? Doth the old boar feed in the old frank? 160

Bard. At the old place, my lord, in East-cheap.

Prince. What company?

Page. Ephesians, my lord, of the old church.

Prince. Sup any women with him? 165

Page. None, my lord, but old Mistress Quickly and Mistress Doll Tearsheet.

Prince. What pagan may that be?

Page. A proper gentlewoman, sir, and a kinswoman of my master's. 170

Prince. Even such kin as the parish heifers are to the town bull. Shall we steal upon them, Ned, at supper?

Poins. I am your shadow, my lord; I'll follow you. 175

Prince. Sirrah, you boy, and Bardolph, no word

to your master that I am yet come to town.
There's for your silence.

Bard. I have no tongue, sir.

Page. And for mine, sir, I will govern it. 180

Prince. Fare you well; go. [*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] This Doll Tearsheet should be some road.

Poins. I warrant you, as common as the way between Saint Alban's and London. 185

Prince. How might we see Falstaff bestow himself to-night in his true colours, and not ourselves be seen?

Poins. Put on two leathern jerkins and aprons, and wait upon him at his table as 190 drawers.

Prince. From a God to a bull? a heavy descension! It was Jove's case. From a prince to a prentice? a low transformation! That shall be mine; for in everything the purpose must 195 weigh with the folly. Follow me, Ned.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*Warkworth. Before the castle.*]

Enter Northumberland, Lady Northumberland, and Lady Percy.

North. I pray thee, loving wife, and gentle daughter,
Give even way unto my rough affairs;

Put not you on the visage of the times
And be like them to Percy troublesome.

Lady N. I have given over, I will speak no
more. 5

Do what you will; your wisdom be your guide.

North. Alas, sweet wife, my honour is at pawn;
And, but my going, nothing can redeem it.

Lady P. O yet, for God's sake, go not to these
wars!

The time was, father, that you broke your
word, 10

When you were more endear'd to it than now;
When your own Percy, when my heart's dear
Harry,

Threw many a northward look to see his father
Bring up his powers; but he did long in vain.

Who then persuaded you to stay at home? 15
There were two honours lost, yours and your
son's.

For yours, the God of heaven brighten it!

For his, it stuck upon him as the sun

In the grey vault of heaven, and by his light
Did all the chivalry of England move 20

To do brave acts. He was indeed the glass
Wherein the noble youth did dress themselves.

[He had no legs, that practis'd not his gait;
And speaking thick, which nature made his
blemish,

Became the accents of the valiant ; 25
For those that could speak low and tardily
Would turn their own perfection to abuse,
To seem like him ; so that in speech, in gait,
In diet, in affections of delight,
In military rules, humours of blood, 30
He was the mark and glass, copy and book,
That fashion'd others. And him, O wondrous him !
O miracle of men ! him did you leave,
Second to none, unseconded by you,
To look upon the hideous god of war 35
In disadvantage ; to abide a field
Where nothing but the sound of Hotspur's name
Did seem defensible : so you left him.
Never, O never, do his ghost the wrong
To hold your honour more precise and nice 40
With others than with him ! Let them alone.
The Marshal and the Archbishop are strong.
Had my sweet Harry had but half their numbers,

* To-day might I, hanging on Hotspur's neck,
Have talk'd of Monmouth's grave.]

North.

Beshrew your heart,
Fair daughter, you do draw my spirits from me 46
With new lamenting ancient oversights.
But I must go and meet with danger there,
Or it will seek me in another place
And find me worse provided.

Lady N. O, fly to Scotland,
Till that the nobles and the armed commons 51
Have of their puissance made a little taste.

Lady P. If they get ground and vantage of the King,
Then join you with them, like a rib of steel,
To make strength stronger; but, for all our loves, 55
First let them try themselves. So did your son;
He was so suff'red; so came I a widow;
And never shall have length of life enough
To rain upon remembrance with mine eyes,
That it may grow and sprout as high as heaven, 60
For recordation to my noble husband.

North. Come, come, go in with me. 'Tis with my mind
As with the tide swell'd up unto his height,
x That makes a still stand, running neither way.
Fain would I go to meet the Archbishop, 65
But many thousand reasons hold me back.
I will resolve for Scotland. There am I,
Till time and vantage crave my company.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*London. The Boar's-Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*]

Enter two Drawers.

1. *Draw.* What the devil hast thou brought there?
Apple-johns? Thou know'st Sir John cannot endure an apple-john.

2. *Draw.* Mass, thou say'st true. The Prince
once set a dish of apple-johns before him, and
told him there were five more Sir Johns, and,
putting off his hat, said, "I will now take my
leave of these six dry, round, old, wither'd
knights." It ang'red him to the heart; but
he hath forgot that. 5 10

1. *Draw.* Why, then, cover, and set them down;
and see if thou canst find out Sneak's noise.
Mistress Tearsheet would fain hear some
music. Dispatch! The room where they
supped is too hot; they'll come in straight. 15

2. *Draw.* Sirrah, here will be the Prince and Mas-
ter Pains anon, and they will put on two of
our jerkins and aprons; and Sir John must
not know of it. Bardolph hath brought
word. 20

1. *Draw.* By the mass, here will be ^{old utis} ~~old utis~~; it will
be an excellent stratagem.

2. *Draw.* I'll see if I can find out Sneak. *Exit.*

Enter Hostess and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. I' faith, sweetheart, methinks now you
are in an excellent good temperality. Your
pulsidge beats as extraordinarily as heart
would desire; and your colour, I warrant you,
is as red as any rose, in good truth, la! But, i'
faith, you have drunk too much canaries; and 25

that's a marvellous searching wine, and it perfumes the blood ere one can say, "What's this?" How do you now? 30

Dol. Better than I was. Hem!

Host. Why, that's well said; a good heart's worth gold. Lo, here comes Sir John. 35

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. [*Singing.*] "When Arthur first in court"
— Empty the jordan. [*Exit 1. Drawer.*]
— [*Singing.*] "And was a worthy king."
How now, Mistress Doll!

Host. Sick of a calm; yea, good faith. 40

Fal. So is all her sect; an they be once in a calm, they are sick.

Dol. A pox damn you, you muddy rascal, is that all the comfort you give me?

Fal. You make fat rascals, Mistress Doll. 45

Dol. I make them? Gluttony and diseases make them; I make them not.

Fal. If the cook help to make the gluttony, you help to make the diseases, Doll. We catch of you, Doll, we catch of you. Grant that, my poor virtue, grant that. 50

Dol. Yea, joy, our chains and our jewels.

Fal. Your brooches, pearls, and ouches. For to serve bravely is to come halting off, you

know; to come off the breach with his pike
bent bravely, and to surgery bravely; to ven-
ture upon the charg'd chambers bravely,—

Dol. Hang yourself, you muddy conger, hang
yourself!

Host. By my troth, this is the old fashion; you
two never meet but you fall to some discord.
You are both, i' good truth, as rheumatic as
two dry toasts; you cannot one bear with an-
other's confirmities. What the good-year! one
must bear, and that must be you; you are the
weaker vessel, as they say, the emptier vessel.

Dol. Can a weak empty vessel bear such a huge
full hogshead? There's a whole merchant's
venture of Bourdeaux stuff in him; you have
not seen a hulk better stuff'd in the hold.
Come, I'll be friends with thee, Jack. Thou
art going to the wars; and whether I shall
ever see thee again or no, there is nobody cares.

Re-enter [First] Drawer.

[1.] *Draw.* Sir, Ancient Pistol's below, and would
speak with you.

Dol. Hang him, swaggering rascal! let him not
come hither. It is the foul-mouth'd'st rogue
in England.

Host. If he swagger, let him not come here; no,

by my faith. I must live among my neighbours ; I'll no swaggerers. I am in good name and fame with the very best. Shut the door ; there comes no swaggerers here. I have not liv'd all this while, to have swaggering now. Shut the door, I pray you. 85

Fal. Dost thou hear, hostess ?

Host. Pray ye, pacify yourself, Sir John. There comes no swaggerers here.

Fal. Dost thou hear ? It is mine ancient.

Host. Tilly-fally, Sir John, ne'er tell me ; and your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors. I was before Master Tisick, the deputy, t' other day ; and, as he said to me, 'twas no longer ago than Wednesday last, "I' good faith, neighbour Quickly," says he ; Master Dumble, our minister, was by then ; "neighbour Quickly," says he, "receive those that are civil ; for," said he, "you are in an ill name." Now 'a said so, I can tell whereupon ; "for," says he, "you are an honest woman, and well thought on ; therefore take heed what guests you receive. Receive," says he, "no swaggering companions." There comes none here. You would bless you to hear what he said. No, I'll no swaggerers. 95

Fal. He's no swaggerer, hostess ; a tame cheater, i' faith ; you may stroke him as gently as a puppy greyhound. He'll not swagger with a 105

feathers naturally ruffled.
Barbary hen, if her feathers turn back in any show of resistance. Call him up, drawer.

[Exit 1. Drawer.]

Host. Cheater, call you him? I will bar no honest 110
man my house, nor no cheater; but I do not
love swaggering, by my troth. I am the
worse, when one says swagger. Feel, masters,
how I shake; look you, I warrant you.

Dol. So you do, hostess. 115

Host. Do I? yea, in very truth, do I, an
'twere an aspen leaf. I cannot abide swag-
gerers.

Enter Pistol, Bardolph, and Page.

Pist. God save you, Sir John!

Fal. Welcome, Ancient Pistol. Here, Pistol, I 120
charge you with a cup of sack; do you dis-
charge upon mine hostess.

Pist. I will discharge upon her, Sir John, with two
bullets.

Fal. She is pistol-proof, sir; you shall hardly 125
offend her.

Host. Come, I'll drink no proofs nor no bullets.
I'll drink no more than will do me good, for
no man's pleasure, I.

Pist. Then to you, Mistress Dorothy; I will charge 130
you.

Dol. Charge me! I scorn you, scurvy companion.

What! you poor, base, rascally, cheating,
lack-linen mate! Away, you mouldy rogue,
away! I am meat for your master. 135

Pist. I know you, Mistress Dorothy.

Dol. Away, you cut-purse rascal! you filthy
bung, away! By this wine, I'll thrust my knife
in your mouldy chaps, an you play the saucy
cuttle with me. Away, you bottle-ale rascal! 140
you basket-hilt stale juggler, you! Since
when, I pray you, sir? God's light, with
two points on your shoulder? Much!

Pist. God let me not live, but I will murder your
ruff for this. 145

Fal. No more, Pistol; I would not have you go
off here. Discharge yourself of our company,
Pistol.

Host. No, good Captain Pistol; not here, sweet
captain. 150

Dol. Captain! thou abominable damn'd cheater,
art thou not asham'd to be call'd captain?
An captains were of my mind, they would
truncheon you out, for taking their names upon
you before you have earn'd them. You a 155
captain! you slave, for what? For tearing
a poor whore's ruff in a bawdy-house? He a
captain! Hang him, rogue! he lives upon
mouldy stew'd prunes and dried cakes. A cap-
tain! God's light, these villains will make 160

the word as odious as the word "occupy";
which was an excellent good word before it was
ill sorted; therefore captains had need look to't.

Bard. Pray thee, go down, good ancient.

Fal. Hark thee hither, Mistress Doll. 165

Pist. Not I. I tell thee what, Corporal Bardolph,
I could tear her. I'll be reveng'd of her.

Page. Pray thee, go down.

Pist. I'll see her damn'd first; to Pluto's damn'd
lake, by this hand, to the infernal deep, 170
with Erebus and tortures vile also. Hold hook
and line, say I. Down, down, dogs! down,
faiors! Have we not Hiren here?

Host. Good Captain Peesel, be quiet; 'tis very
late, i' faith. I beseech you now, aggravate 175
your choler.

Pist. These be good humours, indeed! Shall pack-
horses

And hollow pamper'd jades of Asia,
Which cannot go but thirty mile a-day,
Compare with Cæsars and with Cannibals 180
And Troian Greeks? Nay, rather damn them with
King Cerberus, and let the welkin roar.
Shall we fall foul for toys?

Host. By my troth, captain, these are very bitter
words. 185

Bard. Be gone, good ancient. This will grow to
a brawl anon.

Pist. [Die] men like dogs ! Give crowns like pins !

Have we not Hiren here ?

Host. O' my word, captain, there's none such here. 190

What the good-year ! do you think I would deny her ? For God's sake, be quiet.

Pist. Then feed, and be fat, my fair Calipolis.

Come, give 's some sack.

"Si fortune me tormente sperato me contento." 195

Fear we broadsides ? No, let the fiend give fire.

Give me some sack ; and, sweetheart, lie thou there. [Laying down his sword.]

Come we to full points here ; and are etceteras nothing ?

Fal. Pistol, I would be quiet.

Pist. Sweet knight, I kiss thy neaf. What ! we 200
have seen the seven stars.

Dol. For God's sake, thrust him downstairs. I cannot endure such a fustian rascal.

Pist. Thrust him downstairs ! Know we not Gal-
loway nags ? 205

Fal. Quoit him down, Bardolph, like a shove-groat shilling. Nay, an 'a do nothing but speak nothing, 'a shall be nothing here.

Bard. Come, get you downstairs.

Pist. What ! shall we have incision ? Shall we im-
brue ? [Snatching up his sword.]

Then death rock me asleep, abridge my doleful days ! 211

Why, then, let grievous, ghastly, gaping wounds
Untwine the Sisters Three! Come, Atropos, I
say!

Host. Here's goodly stuff toward!

Fal. Give me my rapier, boy. 215

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, I pray thee, do not
draw.

Fal. Get you downstairs.

[*Drawing, and driving Pistol out.*]

Host. Here's a goodly tumult! I'll forswear keep-
ing house, afore I'll be in these tirrits and 220
frights. So; murder, I warrant now. Alas,
alas! put up your naked weapons, put up your
naked weapons. [*Exeunt Pistol and Bardolph.*]

Dol. I pray thee, Jack, be quiet; the rascal's gone.
Ah, you whoreson little valiant villain, 225
you!

Host. Are you not hurt i' the groin? Methought
'a made a shrewd thrust at your belly.

[*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

Fal. Have you turn'd him out o' doors?

Bard. Yea, sir; the rascal's drunk. You have 230
hurt him, sir, i' the shoulder.

Fal. A rascal! to brave me!

Dol. Ah, you sweet little rogue, you! Alas, poor
ape, how thou sweat'st! Come, let me wipe
thy face. Come on, you whoreson chops. 235

Ah, rogue ! i' faith, I love thee. Thou art as
valorous as Hector of Troy, worth five of Aga-
memnon, and ten times better than the Nine
Worthies. Ah, villain !

Fal. A rascally slave ! I will toss the rogue in a 240
blanket.

Dol. Do, an thou dar'st for thy heart. An thou
dost, I'll canvass thee between a pair of
sheets.

Enter Music.

Page. The music is come, sir. 245

Fal. Let them play. Play, sirs. Sit on my knee,
Doll. A rascal bragging slave ! The rogue
fled from me like quicksilver.

Dol. I' faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church.
Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar- 250
pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days and
foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine
old body for heaven ?

Enter [behind,] Prince Henry and Poins, disguised.

Fal. Peace, good Doll ! do not speak like a death's-
head. Do not bid me remember mine end. 255

Dol. Sirrah, what humour's the Prince of ?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow. 'A would have
made a good pantler ; 'a would ha' chipp'd
bread well.

Dol. They say Poins has a good wit. 260

Fal. He a good wit? Hang him, baboon! His wit's as thick as Tewksbury mustard; there's no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Dol. Why does the Prince love him so, then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness, and 265
he plays at quoits well, and eats conger and fennel, and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons, and rides the wild-mare with the boys, and jumps upon join'd stools, and swears with a good grace, and wears his boots very 270
smooth, like unto the sign of The Leg, and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories; and such other gambol faculties 'a has, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the Prince admits him. For the Prince 275
himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

Prince. Would not this nave of a wheel have his ears cut off?

Poins. Let's beat him before his whore. 280

Prince. Look, whe'er the wither'd elder hath not his poll claw'd like a parrot.

Poins. Is it not strange that desire should so many years outlive performance?

Fal. Kiss me, Doll. 285

Prince. Saturn and Venus this year in conjunction!
What says the almanac to that?

Poins. And, look, whether the fiery Trigon, his man, be not lipping to his master's old tables, his note-book, his counsel-keeper. 290

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Dol. By my troth, I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Dol. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy 295 young boy of them all.

Fal. What stuff wilt have a kirtle of? I shall receive money o' Thursday. Shalt have a cap to-morrow. A merry song, come! It grows late; we'll to bed. Thou't forget me when I am gone. 300

Dol. By my troth, thou't set me a-weeping, an thou say'st so. Prove that ever I dress myself handsome till thy return. Well, hearken at the end.

Fal. Some sack, Francis. 305

Prince. } Anon, anon, sir.

Poins. } [Coming forward.]

Fal. Ha! a bastard son of the King's? And art not thou Poins his brother?

Prince. Why, thou globe of sinful continents, what a life dost thou lead! 310

Fal. A better than thou. I am a gentleman; thou art a drawer.

Prince. Very true, sir; and I come to draw you out by the ears.

Host. O, the Lord preserve thy Grace! By my 315
troth, welcome to London. Now, the Lord
bless that sweet face of thine! O Jesu, are
you come from Wales?

Fal. Thou whoreson mad compound of majesty, by
this light flesh and corrupt blood, thou art wel- 320
come.

Dol. How, you fat fool! I scorn you.

Poins. My lord, he will drive you out of your
revenge and turn all to a merriment, if you
take not the heat. 325

Prince. You whoreson candle-mine, you, how
vilely did you speak of me even now before this
honest, virtuous, civil gentlewoman!

Host. God's blessing of your good heart! and so
she is, by my troth. 330

Fal. Didst thou hear me?

Prince. Yea, and you knew me, as you did when
you ran away by Gadshill. You knew I was
at your back, and spoke it on purpose to try
my patience. 335

Fal. No, no, no; not so; I did not think thou wast
within hearing.

Prince. I shall drive you then to confess the wilful
abuse, and then I know how to handle you.

Fal. No abuse, Hal, o' mine honour; no abuse. 340

Prince. Not to dispraise me, and call me pantler
and bread-chipper and I know not what?

*It would have been well enough if
Fal. had said "I know not what" instead of "pantler"
Not true to his character. He has no sense.*

Fal. No abuse, Hal.

Poins. No abuse?

Fal. No abuse, Ned, i' the world; honest Ned, 345
none. I disprais'd him before the wicked, that
the wicked might not fall in love with him;
in which doing, I have done the part of a care-
ful friend and a true subject, and thy father is
to give me thanks for it. No abuse, Hal; 350
none, Ned, none; no, faith, boys, none.

Prince. See now, whether pure fear and entire cow-
ardice doth not make thee wrong this virtuous
gentlewoman to close with us? Is she of the
wicked? Is thine hostess here of the wicked? 355
Or is thy boy of the wicked? Or honest Bar-
dolph, whose zeal burns in his nose, of the
wicked?

Poins. Answer, thou dead elm, answer.

Fal. The fiend hath prick'd down Bardolph irre-
coverable; and his face is Lucifer's privy- 360
kitchen, where he doth nothing but roast malt-
worms. For the boy, there is a good angel
about him; but the devil blinds him too.

Prince. For the women?

Fal. For one of them, she is in hell already, and 365
burns poor souls. For the other, I owe her
money; and whether she be damn'd for that,
I know not.

Host. No, I warrant you.

Fal. No, I think thou art not ; I think thou art 370
quit for that. Marry, there is another indictment upon thee, for suffering flesh to be eaten in thy house, contrary to the law ; for the which I think thou wilt howl.

Host. All victuallers do so. What's a joint of 375
mutton or two in a whole Lent ?

Prince. You, gentlewoman, —

Dol. What says your Grace ?

Fal. His grace says that which his flesh rebels
against. *Peto knocks at door.*

Host. Who knocks so loud at door ? Look to the 381
door there, Francis.

Enter Peto.

Prince. Peto, how now ! what news ?

Peto. The King your father is at Westminster ;
And there are twenty weak and wearied posts 385
Come from the north ; and, as I came along,
I met and overtook a dozen captains,
Bare-headed, sweating, knocking at the taverns,
And asking every one for Sir John Falstaff.

Prince. By heaven, Poins, I feel me much to blame, 390
So idly to profane the precious time,
{ When tempest of commotion, like the south
{ Borne with black vapour, doth begin to melt
And drop upon our bare unarmed heads.

Give me my sword and cloak. (Falstaff, good
Here's farewell night.) 395

*Exeunt Prince Henry, Poins, [Peto, and
 Bardolph].*

Fal. Now comes in the sweetest morsel of the
 night, and we must hence and leave it un-
 pick'd. [*Knocking within.*] More knocking
 at the door!

[*Re-enter Bardolph.*]

How now! what's the matter? 400

Bard. You must away to court, sir, presently;

A dozen captains stay at door for you.

Fal. [*To the Page.*] Pay the musicians, sirrah. Fare-
 well, hostess; farewell, Doll. You see, my good
 wenches, how men of merit are sought after. The 405
 undeserver may sleep, when the man of action
 is call'd on. Farewell, good wenches; if I be
 not sent away post, I will see you again ere I go.

Dol. I cannot speak. If my heart be not ready to
 burst, — well, sweet Jack, have a care of thyself. 410

Fal. Farewell, farewell.

Exeunt Falstaff [and Bardolph].

Host. Well, fare thee well. I have known thee
 these twenty-nine years, come peascod-time;
 but an honest and truer-hearted man, —
 well, fare thee well. 415

Bard. [*Within.*] Mistress Tearsheet !

Host. What's the matter ?

Bard. [*Within.*] Bid Mistress Tearsheet come to my master.

Host. O, run, Doll, run ; run, good Doll. Come. 420

(*She comes blubbered.*) Yea, will you come,

Doll ?

Exeunt.



ACT THIRD

SCENE I

[*Westminster. The palace.*]

Enter the King in his nightgown, with a Page.

King. Go call the Earls of Surrey and of Warwick;
But, ere they come, bid them o'er-read these letters,
And well consider of them. Make good speed.

Exit Page.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O Sleep, O gentle Sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee, 6
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?
Why rather, Sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee, 10
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sound of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why li'st thou with the vile 15
In loathsome beds, and leav'st the kingly couch
A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains

In cradle of the rude imperious surge 20
 And in the visitation of the winds,
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes? 25
 Canst thou, O partial Sleep, give thy repose
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
 And in the calmest and most stillest night,
 With all appliances and means to boot,
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!)
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown. 31

Enter Warwick and Surrey.

War. Many good morrows to your Majesty!

King. Is it good morrow, lords?

War. 'Tis one o'clock, and past.

King. Why, then, good morrow to you all, my lords. 35
 Have you read o'er the letters that I sent you?

War. We have, my liege.

King. Then you perceive the body of our kingdom
 How foul it is; what rank diseases grow,
 And with what danger, near the heart of it. 40

War. It is but as a body yet distemper'd;
 Which to his former strength may be restor'd
 With good advice and little medicine.

My Lord Northumberland will soon be cool'd.

King. O God! that one might read the book of fate, 45

And see the revolution of the times
Make mountains level, and the continent,
Weary of solid firmness, melt itself
Into the sea ! and, other times, to see
The beachy girdle of the ocean 50
Too wide for Neptune's hips ; how chances
mock,

And changes fill the cup of alteration
With divers liquors ! O, if this were seen,
The happiest youth, viewing his progress through,
What perils past, what crosses to ensue, 55
Would shut the book, and sit him down and die.
'Tis not ten years gone

Since Richard and Northumberland, great friends,
Did feast together, and in two years after
Were they at wars. It is but eight years since 60
This Percy was the man nearest my soul,
Who like a brother toil'd in my affairs
And laid his love and life under my foot ;

Yea, for my sake, even to the eyes of Richard
Gave him defiance. But which of you was by —
You, cousin Nevil, as I may remember — 66

[*To Warwick.*]

When Richard, with his eye brimful of tears,
Then check'd and rated by Northumberland,
Did speak these words, now prov'd a prophecy ?
"Northumberland, thou ladder by the which 70
My cousin Bolingbroke ascends my throne, —"

Though then, God knows, I had no such intent,
But that necessity so bow'd the state
That I and greatness were compell'd to kiss ; —
“The time shall come,” thus did he follow it, 75
“The time will come, that foul sin, gathering head,
Shall break into corruption :” so went on,
Foretelling this same time's condition
And the division of our amity.

War. There is a history in all men's lives, 80
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things
As yet not come to life, who in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd. 85
Such things become the hatch and brood of time ;
And by the necessary form of this
King Richard might create a perfect guess
That great Northumberland, then false to him,
Would of that seed grow to a greater falseness ; 90
Which should not find a ground to root upon,
Unless on you.

King. Are these things then necessities ?
x Then let us meet them like necessities.
And that same word even now cries out on us.
They say the Bishop and Northumberland 95
Are fifty thousand strong.

War. It cannot be, my lord.
Rumour doth double, like the voice and echo,

The numbers of the feared. Please it your Grace
 To go to bed. Upon my soul, my lord,
 The powers that you already have sent forth 100
 Shall bring this prize in very easily.
 To comfort you the more, I have receiv'd
 A certain instance that Glendower is dead.
 Your Majesty hath been this fortnight ill,
 And these unseason'd hours perforce must add 105
 Unto your sickness.

King. I will take your counsel :
 And were these inward wars once out of hand,
 We would, dear lords, unto the Holy Land.

Exeunt.

SCENE II

[*Gloucestershire. Before Justice Shallow's house.*]

*Enter Shallow and Silence [meeting]; Mouldy, Shadow,
 Wart, Feeble, Bullcalf [a Servant or two with them].*

Shal. Come on, come on, come on, sir ; give me
 your hand, sir, give me your hand, sir. An
 early stirrer, by the rood ! And how doth my
 good cousin Silence ?

Sil. Good morrow, good cousin Shallow.

5

Shal. And how doth my cousin, your bedfellow ?
 and your fairest daughter and mine, my god-
 daughter Ellen ?

Sil. Alas, a black ousel, cousin Shallow !

Shal. By yea and no, sir, I dare say my cousin 10
William is become a good scholar. He is at
Oxford still, is he not ?

Sil. Indeed, sir, to my cost.

Shal. 'A must, then, to the Inns o' Court shortly.
I was once of Clement's Inn, where I think 15
they will talk of mad Shallow yet.

Sil. You were call'd lusty Shallow then,
cousin.

Shal. By the mass, I was call'd anything ; and I
would have done anything indeed too, and 20
roundly too. There was I, and little John
Doit of Staffordshire, and black George
Barnes, and Francis Pickbone, and Will Squele,
a Cots'ol' man. You had not four such
swinge bucklers in all the Inns o' Court again ;
and I may say to you, we knew where the 25
bona-robas were and had the best of them all
at commandment. Then was Jack Falstaff,
{ now Sir John, a boy, and page to Thomas
Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk.

Sil. Cousin, this Sir John that comes hither anon 30
about soldiers ?

Shal. The same Sir John, the very same. I see him
break Skogan's head at the court-gate, when
'a was a crack not thus high ; and the very
same day did I fight with one Sampson Stock- 35
fish, a fruiterer, behind Gray's Inn. Jesu, Jesu,

the mad days that I have spent ! And to see
how many of my old acquaintance are dead !

Sil. We shall all follow, cousin.

Shal. Certain, 'tis certain ; very sure, very sure. 40
Death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all ;
all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks
at Stamford fair ?

Sil. By my troth, I was not there.

Shal. Death is certain. Is old Double of your 45
town living yet ?

Sil. Dead, sir.

Shal. Jesu, Jesu, dead ! 'A drew a good bow ;
and dead ! 'A shot a fine shoot. John o'
Gaunt loved him well, and betted much money 50
on his head. Dead ! 'a would have clapp'd i'
the clout at twelve score ; and carried you a
forehand shaft at fourteen and fourteen and a
half, that it would have done a man's heart
good to see. How a score of ewes now ? 55

Sil. Thereafter as they be, a score of good ewes
may be worth ten pounds.

Shal. And is old Double dead ?

Sil. Here come two of Sir John Falstaff's men, as
I think. 60

Enter Bardolph and one with him.

Good morrow, honest gentlemen.

Bard. I beseech you, which is Justice Shallow?

Shal. I am Robert Shallow, sir; a poor esquire of this county, and one of the King's justices of the peace. What is your good pleasure with me? 65

Bard. My captain, sir, commends him to you; my captain, Sir John Falstaff, a tall gentleman, by heaven, and a most gallant leader.

Shal. He greets me well, sir. I knew him a good backsword man. How doth the good knight? 70
May I ask how my lady his wife doth?

Bard. Sir, pardon; a soldier is better accommodated than with a wife.

Shal. It is well said, in faith, sir; and it is well said indeed too. Better accommodated! it 75
is good; yea, indeed, is it. Good phrases are surely, and ever were, very commendable. Accommodated! it comes of *accommodo*. Very good; a good phrase. 7

Bard. Pardon, sir; I have heard the word. 80
Phrase call you it? By this day, I know not the phrase; but I will maintain the word with my sword to be a soldier-like word, and a word of exceeding good command, by heaven. Accommodated; that is, when a man is, as they 85
say, accommodated; or when a man is, being, whereby 'a may be thought to be accommodated; which is an excellent thing.

Enter Falstaff.

Shal. It is very just. Look, here comes good Sir John. Give me your good hand, give me your worship's good hand. By my troth, you like well and bear your years very well. Welcome, good Sir John. 90

Fal. I am glad to see you well, good Master Robert Shallow. Master Surecard, as I think? 95

Shal. No, Sir John; it is my cousin Silence, in commission with me.

Fal. Good Master Silence, it well befits you should be of the peace.

Sil. Your good worship is welcome. 100

Fal. Fie! this is hot weather, gentlemen. Have you provided me here half a dozen sufficient men?

Shal. Marry, have we, sir. Will you sit?

Fal. Let me see them, I beseech you. 105

Shal. Where's the roll? where's the roll? where's the roll? Let me see, let me see, let me see. So, so, so, so, so, so, so; yea, marry, sir. Ralph Mouldy! Let them appear as I call; let them do so, let them do so. Let me see; where is Mouldy? 110

Moul. Here, an it please you.

Shal. What think you, Sir John? A good-limb'd fellow; young, strong, and of good friends.

Fal. Is thy name Mouldy ? 115

Moul. Yea, an't please you.

Fal. 'Tis the more time thou wert us'd.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha ! most excellent, i' faith ! Things
that are mouldy lack use. Very singular good !
In faith, well said, Sir John, very well said. 120

Fal. Prick him.

Moul. I was prick'd well enough before, an you
could have let me alone. My old dame will be
undone now for one to do her husbandry and
her drudgery. You need not to have prick'd 125
me ; there are other men fitter to go out than I.

Fal. Go to ; peace, Mouldy ; you shall go.
Mouldy, it is time you were spent.

Moul. Spent !

Shal. Peace, fellow, peace ; stand aside ; know 130
you where you are ? For the other, Sir John,
let me see. Simon Shadow !

Fal. Yea, marry, let me have him to sit under ;
he's like to be a cold soldier.

Shal. Where's Shadow ? 135

Shad. Here, sir.

Fal. Shadow, whose son art thou ?

Shad. My mother's son, sir.

Fal. Thy mother's son ! like enough, and thy
father's shadow. So the son of the female is 140
the shadow of the male. It is often so, indeed ;
but much of the father's substance !

Shal. Do you like him, Sir John?

Fal. Shadow will serve for summer. Prick him,
(for we have a number of shadows to fill up the 145
muster-book.

Shal. Thomas Wart!

Fal. Where's he?

Wart. Here, sir.

Fal. Is thy name Wart?

150

Wart. Yea, sir.

Fal. Thou art a very ragged wart.

Shal. Shall I prick him, Sir John?

Fal. It were superfluous; for his apparel is built
upon his back and the whole frame stands upon 155
pins. Prick him no more.

Shal. Ha, ha, ha! you can do it, sir; you can do
it; I commend you well. Francis Feeble!

Fee. Here, sir.

[*Fal.*] What trade art thou, Feeble?

160

Fee. A woman's tailor, sir.

Shal. Shall I prick him, sir?

Fal. You may; but if he had been a man's tailor,
he'd ha' prick'd you. Wilt thou make as many
holes in an enemy's battle as thou hast done 165
in a woman's petticoat?

Fee. I will do my good will, sir; you can have no
more.

Fal. Well said, good woman's tailor! well said,
courageous Feeble! Thou wilt be as valiant 170

as the wrathful dove or most magnanimous mouse. Prick the woman's tailor. Well, Master Shallow; deep, Master Shallow.

Fee. I would Wart might have gone, sir.

Fal. I would thou wert a man's tailor, that thou mightst mend him and make him fit to go. I cannot put him to a private soldier that is the leader of so many thousands. Let that suffice, most forcible Feeble. 175

Fee. It shall suffice, sir. 180

Fal. I am bound to thee, reverend Feeble. Who is next?

Shal. Peter Bullcalf o' the green!

Fal. Yea, marry, let's see Bullcalf.

Bull. Here, sir. 185

Fal. 'Fore God, a likely fellow! Come, prick me Bullcalf till he roar again.

Bull. O Lord! good my lord captain, —

Fal. What, dost thou roar before thou art prick'd? 190

Bull. O Lord, sir! I am a diseased man.

Fal. What disease hast thou?

Bull. A whoreson cold, sir, a cough, sir, which I caught with ringing in the King's affairs upon his coronation-day, sir. 195

Fal. Come, thou shalt go to the wars in a gown. We will have away thy cold; and I will take such order that thy friends shall ring for thee. Is here all?

Shal. Here is two more call'd than your number ; 200
you must have but four here, sir. And so, I
pray you, go in with me to dinner.

Fal. Come, I will go drink with you, but I cannot
tarry dinner. I am glad to see you, by my
troth, Master Shallow. 205

Shal. O, Sir John, do you remember since we lay all
night in the windmill in Saint George's field ?

Fal. No more of that, [good] Master Shallow [no
more of that].

Shal. Ha ! 'twas a merry night. And is Jane 210
Nightwork alive ?

Fal. She lives, Master Shallow.

Shal. She never could away with me.

Fal. Never, never ; she would always say she
could not abide Master Shallow. 215

Shal. By the mass, I could anger her to the heart.
She was then a bona-roba. Doth she hold her
own well ?

Fal. Old, old, Master Shallow.

Shal. Nay, she must be old ; she cannot choose 220
but be old ; certain she's old ; and had Robin
Nightwork by old Nightwork before I came
to Clement's Inn.

Sil. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shal. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that 225
that this knight and I have seen ! Ha, Sir
John, said I well ?

Fal. We have heard the chimes at midnight,
Master Shallow.

Shal. That we have, that we have, that we have ; 230
in faith, Sir John, we have. Our watchword
was "Hem, boys !" Come, let's to dinner ;
come, let's to dinner. Jesu, the days that we
have seen ! Come, come.

Exeunt [Falstaff and the Justices].

Bull. Good Master Corporate Bardolph, stand my 235
friend ; and here's four Harry ten shillings in
French crowns for you. In very truth, sir, I
had as lief be hang'd, sir, as go ; and yet, for
mine own part, sir, I do not care ; but rather,
because I am unwilling, and, for mine own part, 240
have a desire to stay with my friends ; else, sir,
I did not care, for mine own part, so much.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Moul. And, good master corporal captain, for my
[old] dame's sake, stand my friend. She has 245
nobody to do anything about her when I am
gone ; and she is old, and cannot help herself.
You shall have forty, sir.

Bard. Go to ; stand aside.

Fee. By my troth, I care not ; a man can die but 250
once ; we owe God a death. I'll ne'er bear a
base mind. An't be my destiny, so ; an't be
not, so. No man's too good to serve's prince ;
and let it go which way it will, he that dies this
year is quit for the next. 255

Bard. Well said ; th' art a good fellow.

Fee. Faith, I'll bear no base mind.

Re-enter Falstaff and the Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have ?

Shal. Four of which you please.

Bard. [*Aside to Fal.*] Sir, a word with you. I have 260
three pound to free Mouldy and Bullcalf.

Fal. Go to ; well.

Shal. Come, Sir John, which four will you
have ?

Fal. Do you choose for me. 265

Shal. Marry, then, Mouldy, Bullcalf, Feeble, and
Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy and Bullcalf ! for you, Mouldy, stay
at home till you are past service ; and for your
part, Bullcalf, grow till you come unto it. I 270
will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, Sir John, do not yourself wrong.
They are your likeliest men, and I would have
you serv'd with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to 275
choose a man ? Care I for the limb, the thews,
the stature, bulk, and big assemblance of a man !
Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's
Wart ; you see what a ragged appearance it is.
'A shall charge you and discharge you with the 280
motion of a pewterer's hammer, come off and

on swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow; give me this man. He presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with 285 as great aim level at the edge of a penknife. And for a retreat; how swiftly will this Feeble the woman's tailor run off! O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones. Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph. 290

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. Come, manage me your caliver. So: very well; go to; very good, exceeding good. O, give me always a little, lean, old, chapt, bald shot. Well said, i' faith, Wart; thou'rt 295 a good scab. Hold, there's a tester for thee.

Shal. He is not his craft's master; he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green, when I lay at Clement's Inn, — I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show, — there was a little 300 quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus; and 'a would about and about, and come you in and come you in. "Rah, tah, tah," would 'a say; "bounce" would 'a say; and away again would 'a go, and again would 305 'a come. I shall ne'er see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, Master Shallow. God keep you, Master Silence; I will not use many words with you. Fare you well, gentle-

men both ; I thank you. I must a dozen mile 310
to-night. Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, the Lord bless you ! God prosper
your affairs ! God send us peace ! At your
return visit our house ; let our old acquaint-
ance be renewed. Peradventure I will with ye 315
to the court.

Fal. 'Fore God, would you would [Master Shal-
low].

Shal. Go to ; I have spoke at a word. God keep
you ! 320

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentlemen. [*Exeunt
Justices.*] On, Bardolph ; lead the men away.
[*Exeunt Bardolph, recruits, etc.*] As I return,
I will fetch off these justices. I do see the
bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, Lord, how 325
subject ~~(we)~~ old men are to this vice of lying !
This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but
prate to me of the wildness of his youth and
the feats he hath done about Turnbull Street ;
and every third word a lie, duer paid to the 330
hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remem-
ber him at Clement's Inn like a man made af-
ter supper of a cheese-paring. When 'a was
naked, he was, for all the world, like a forked
radish, with a head fantastically carv'd upon 335
it with a knife. 'A was so forlorn, that his
dimensions to any thick sight were invincible.

'A was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores called him mandrake. 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his fancies or his good-nights. And now is this Vice's dagger become a squire, and talks as familiarly of John o' Gaunt as if he had been sworn brother to him; and I'll be sworn 'a ne'er saw him but once in the Tilt-yard; and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it, and told John o' Gaunt he beat his own name; for you might have thrust him and all his apparel into an eel-skin. The case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court; and now has he land and beeves. Well, I'll be acquainted with him, if I return; and it shall go hard but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me. If the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the (law of nature) but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end.

Exit.

ACT FOURTH

SCENE I

[*Yorkshire.*] *Within the Forest of Gaultree.*

*Enter the Archbishop of York, Mowbray, Hastings [and
[others].*

Arch. What is this forest call'd ?

Hast. 'Tis Gaultree Forest, an't shall please your Grace.

Arch. Here stand, my lords ; and send discoverers forth
To know the numbers of our enemies.

Hast. We have sent forth already.

Arch. 'Tis well done. 5

My friends and brethren in these great affairs,
I must acquaint you that I have receiv'd
New-dated letters from Northumberland ;
Their cold intent, tenour, and substance, thus :
Here doth he wish his person, with such powers
As might hold sortance with his quality, 11
The which he could not levy ; whereupon
He is retir'd, to ripe his growing fortunes,
To Scotland ; and concludes in hearty prayers
That your attempts may overlive the hazard 15
And fearful meeting of their opposite.

Mowb. Thus do the hopes we have in him touch ground
And dash themselves to pieces.

Enter a Messenger.

Hast. Now, what news?

Mess. West of this forest, scarcely off a mile,
In goodly form comes on the enemy ; 20
And, by the ground they hide, I judge their number
Upon or near the rate of thirty thousand.

Mowb. The just proportion that we gave them out.

Let us sway on and face them in the field.

Arch. What well-appointed leader fronts us here? 25

Enter Westmoreland.

Mowb. I think it is my Lord of Westmoreland.

West. Health and fair greeting from our general,
The Prince, Lord John and Duke of Lancaster.

Arch. Say on, my Lord of Westmoreland, in peace,
What doth concern your coming.

West. [Then, my lord,]

Unto your Grace do I in chief address 31

The substance of my speech. If that rebellion

Came like itself, in base and abject routs,

Led on by bloody youth, guarded with rags,

And countenanc'd by boys and beggary, — 35

I say, if damn'd commotion so appear'd,

In his true, native, and most proper shape,

You, reverend father, and these noble lords

Had not been here, to dress the ugly form

Of base and bloody insurrection 40

With your fair honours. You, Lord Archbishop,
Whose see is by a civil peace maintain'd,
Whose beard the silver hand of peace hath touch'd,
Whose learning and good letters peace hath
tutor'd,

Whose white investments figure innocence, 45
The dove, and very blessed spirit of peace,
Wherefore do you so ill translate yourself
Out of the speech of peace that bears such grace,
Into the harsh and boist'rous tongue of war ;
Turning your books to graves, your ink to blood,
Your pens to lances and your tongue divine 51
To a loud trumpet and a point of war ?

Arch. Wherefore do I this ? so the question stands.
Briefly to this end : we are all diseas'd,
[And with our surfeiting and wanton hours 55
Have brought ourselves into a burning fever,
And we must bleed for it ; of which disease
Our late king, Richard, being infected, died.
But, my most noble Lord of Westmoreland,
I take not on me here as a physician, 60
Nor do I as an enemy to peace
Troop in the throngs of military men ;
But rather show awhile like fearful war
To diet rank minds sick of happiness, 64
And purge the obstructions which begin to stop
Our very veins of life. Hear me more plainly.
I have in equal balance justly weigh'd

What wrongs our arms may do, what wrongs we
suffer,

And find our griefs heavier than our offences.

We see which way the stream of time doth run, 70

And are enforc'd from our most quiet there

By the rough torrent of occasion ;

And have the summary of all our griefs,

When time shall serve, to show in articles ;

Which long ere this we offer'd to the King, 75

And might by no suit gain our audience.

When we are wrong'd and would unfold our griefs,

We are deni'd access unto his person

Even by those men that most have done us wrong.]

The dangers of the days but newly gone, 80

Whose memory is written on the earth

With yet appearing blood, and the examples

Of every minute's instance, present now,

Hath put us in these ill-beseeming arms,

Not to break peace or any branch of it, 85

But to establish here a peace indeed,

Concurring both in name and quality.

West. When ever yet was your appeal denied ?

Wherein have you been galled by the King ?

What peer hath been suborn'd to grate on you, 90

That you should seal this lawless bloody book

Of forg'd rebellion with a seal divine

And consecrate commotion's bitter edge ?

Arch. My brother general, the commonwealth,

To brother born an household cruelty. 95

I make my quarrel in particular.

West. There is no need of any such redress ;

Or if there were, it not belongs to you.

Mowb. Why not to him in part, and to us all

That feel the bruises of the days before, 100

And suffer the condition of these times

To lay a heavy and unequal hand

Upon our honours ?

West. [O, my good Lord Mowbray,

Construe the times to their necessities,

And you shall say indeed, it is the time, 105

And not the King, that doth you injuries.

Yet for your part, it not appears to me

Either from the King or in the present time

That you should have an inch of any ground

To build a grief on. Were you not restor'd 110

To all the Duke of Norfolk's signories,

Your noble and right well-rememb' red father's ?

Mowb. What thing, in honour, had my father lost,

That need to be reviv'd and breath'd in me ?

The King that lov'd him, as the state stood then,

Was, force perforce, compell'd to banish him ; 116

And then that Henry Bolingbroke and he,

Being mounted and both roused in their seats,

Their neighing coursers daring of the spur, 119

Their armed staves in charge, their beavers down,

Their eyes of fire sparkling through sights of steel,

And the loud trumpet blowing them together,
Then, then, when there was nothing could have
stay'd

My father from the breast of Bolingbroke, 124

O, when the King did throw his warder down —

His own life hung upon the staff he threw, —

Then threw he down himself and all their lives

That by indictment and by dint of sword

Have since miscarried under Bolingbroke.

West. You speak, Lord Mowbray, now you know not
what. 130

The Earl of Hereford was reputed then

In England the most valiant gentleman.

Who knows on whom Fortune would then have
smil'd?

But if your father had been victor there,

He ne'er had borne it out of Coventry; 135

For all the country in a general voice

Cried hate upon him; and all their prayers and
love

Were set on Hereford, whom they doted on

And bless'd and grac'd and did, more than the

King, —]

But this is mere digression from my purpose. 140

Here come I from our princely general

To know your griefs; to tell you from his Grace

That he will give you audience; and wherein

It shall appear that your demands are just,

You shall enjoy them, everything set off 145
 That might so much as think you enemies.

Mowb. But he hath forc'd us to compel this offer ;
 And it proceeds from policy, not love.

West. Mowbray, you overween to take it so ;
 This offer comes from mercy, not from fear. 150
 For, lo ! within a ken our army lies,
 Upon mine honour, all too confident
 To give admittance to a thought of fear.
 Our battle is more full of names than yours,
 Our men more perfect in the use of arms, 155
 Our armour all as strong, our cause the best ;
 Then reason will our hearts should be as good.
 Say you not then our offer is compell'd.

Mowb. Well, by my will we shall admit no parley.

West. That argues but the shame of your offence.
 A rotten case abides no handling. 161

Hast. Hath the Prince John a full commission,
 In very ample virtue of his father,
 To hear and absolutely to determine
 Of what conditions we shall stand upon ? 165

West. That is intended in the general's name.

I muse you make so slight a question.

Arch. Then take, my Lord of Westmoreland, this
 schedule,

For this contains our general grievances.

Each several article herein redress'd, 170
 All members of our cause, both here and hence,

That are insinewed to this action,
 Acquitted by a true substantial form
 And present execution of our wills
 To us and to our purposes confin'd,
 We come within our awful banks again
 And knit our powers to the arm of peace.

175

West. This will I show the general. Please you, lords,
 In sight of both our battles we may meet ;
 And either end in peace, which God so frame ! 180
 Or to the place of difference call the swords
 Which must decide it. *Exit West.*

Arch. My lord, we will do so.

Mowb. There is a thing within my bosom tells me
 That no conditions of our peace can stand.

Hast. Fear you not that. If we can make our peace
 Upon such large terms and so absolute 186
 As our conditions shall consist upon,
 Our peace shall stand as firm as rocky mountains.

Mowb. Yea, but our valuation shall be such
 That every slight and false-derived cause, 190
 Yea, every idle, nice, and wanton reason
 Shall to the King taste of this action ;
 That, were our royal faiths martyrs in love,
 We shall be winnow'd with so rough a wind
 That even our corn shall seem as light as chaff 195
 And good from bad find no partition.

Arch. No, no, my lord. Note this : the King is weary
 Of dainty and such picking grievances ;

For he hath found to end one doubt by death
 Revives two greater in the heirs of life, 200
 And therefore will he wipe his tables clean
 And keep no tell-tale to his memory
 That may repeat and history his loss
 To new remembrance ; for full well he knows
 He cannot so precisely weed this land 205
 As his misdoubts present occasion.
 His foes are so enrooted with his friends
 That, plucking to unfix an enemy,
 He doth unfasten so and shake a friend ;
 So that this land, like an offensive wife 210
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer strokes,
 As he is striking, holds his infant up
 And hangs resolv'd correction in the arm
 That was uprear'd to execution.

Hast. Besides, the King hath wasted all his rods 215
 On late offenders, that he now doth lack
 The very instruments of chastisement ;
 So that his power, like to a fangless lion,
 May offer, but not hold.

Arch. 'Tis very true ;
 And therefore be assured, my good Lord Marshal,
 If we do now make our atonement well, 221
 Our peace will, like a broken limb united,
 Grow stronger for the breaking.

Mowb. Be it so.
 Here is return'd my Lord of Westmoreland.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

West. The Prince is here at hand. Pleaseth your lordship 225

To meet his Grace just distance 'tween our armies.

Mowb. Your Grace of York, in God's name, then, set forward.

Arch. Before, and greet his Grace. My lord, we come.
Exeunt.

SCENE II

[Another part of the forest.]

Enter [from one side, Mowbray, attended; afterwards the Archbishop, Hastings, and others: from the other side,] Prince John of Lancaster [and Westmoreland; Officers, and others with them].

Lan. You are well encount'red here, my cousin Mowbray.

Good day to you, gentle Lord Archbishop;

And so to you, Lord Hastings, and to all.

My Lord of York, it better show'd with you

When that your flock, assembled by the bell, 5

Encircled you to hear with reverence

Your exposition on the holy text

Than now to see you here an iron man,

Cheering a rout of rebels with your drum,

Turning the word to sword and life to death. 10

That man that sits within a monarch's heart,
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favour,
 Would he abuse the countenance of the King,
 Alack, what mischiefs might he set abroad
 In shadow of such greatness! With you, Lord
 Bishop, 15

It is even so. Who hath not heard it spoken
 How deep you were within the books of God?
 To us the speaker in His parliament;
 To us the imagin'd voice of God himself;
 The very opener and intelligencer 20
 Between the grace, the sanctities, of Heaven
 And our dull workings. O, who shall believe
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,
 Employ the countenance and grace of Heaven,
 As a false favourite doth his prince's name, 25
 In deeds dishonourable? You have ta'en up,
 Under the counterfeited zeal of God,
 The subjects of His substitute, my father,
 And both against the peace of Heaven and him
 Have here upswarm'd them.

Arch. Good my Lord of Lancaster,
 I am not here against your father's peace; 31
 But, as I told my Lord of Westmoreland,
 The time misord'red doth, in common sense,
 Crowd us and crush us to this monstrous form,
 To hold our safety up. I sent your Grace 35
 The parcels and particulars of our grief,

The which hath been with scorn shov'd from the
court.

Whereon this Hydra son of war is born ;
Whose dangerous eyes may well be charm'd asleep
With grant of our most just and right desires ; 40
And true obedience, of this madness cur'd,
Stoop tamely to the foot of majesty.

Mowb. If not, we ready are to try our fortunes
To the last man.

Hast. And though we here fall down,
We have supplies to second our attempt. 45
If they miscarry, theirs shall second them ;
And so success of mischief shall be born,
And heir from heir shall hold this quarrel up
Whiles England shall have generation.

Lan. You are too shallow, Hastings, much too shallow,
To sound the bottom of the after-times. 51

West. Pleaseth your Grace to answer them directly
How far forth you do like their articles.

Lan. I like them all, and do allow them well,
And swear here, by the honour of my blood, 55
My father's purposes have been mistook,
And some about him have too lavishly
Wrested his meaning and authority.
My lord, these griefs shall be with speed redress'd ;
Upon my soul, they shall. If this may please you, 60
Discharge your powers unto their several counties,
As we will ours ; and here between the armies

Let's drink together friendly and embrace,
That all their eyes may bear those tokens home
Of our restored love and amity. 65

Arch. I take your princely word for these redresses.

Lan. I give it you, and will maintain my word ;
And thereupon I drink unto your Grace.

[*Hast.*] Go, captain, and deliver to the army 69
This news of peace. Let them have pay, and part.
I know it will well please them. Hie thee, captain.

Exit [Officer].

Arch. To you, my noble Lord of Westmoreland.

West. I pledge your Grace ; and, if you knew what pains
I have bestow'd to breed this present peace,
You would drink freely. But my love to ye 75
Shall show itself more openly hereafter.

Arch. I do not doubt you.

West. I am glad of it.

Health to my lord and gentle cousin, Mowbray.

Mowb. You wish me health in very happy season ;
For I am, on the sudden, something ill. 80

Arch. Against ill chances men are ever merry ;
But heaviness foreruns the good event.

West. Therefore be merry, coz ; since sudden sorrow
Serves to say thus, some good thing comes tomor-
row.

Arch. Believe me, I am passing light in spirit. 85

Mowb. So much the worse, if your own rule be true.

Shouts [within].

Arch. Now, this doth hardly dead to
the mind of the world

Lan. The word of peace is rend'red. Hark, how they shout !

Mowb. This had been cheerful after victory.

Arch. A peace is of the nature of a conquest ;

For then both parties nobly are subdu'd, 90
And neither party loser.

Lan. Go, my lord,

And let our army be discharged too.

And, good my lord, so please you, let your trains

March by us, that we may peruse the men

Exit [Westmoreland].

We should have cop'd withal.

Arch. Go, good Lord Hastings,

And, ere they be dismiss'd, let them march by. 96

Exit [Hastings].

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. I trust, lords, we shall lie to-night together.

Now cousin, wherefore stands our army still?

West. The leaders, having charge from you to stand,

Will not go off until they hear you speak. 100

Lan. They know their duties.

Re-enter Hastings.

Hast. My lord, our army is dispers'd already.

Like youthful steers unyok'd, they take their
courses

East, west, north, south ; or, like a school broke
up,

Each hurries toward his home and sporting-place.

West. Good tidings, my Lord Hastings ; for the
which 106

I do arrest thee, traitor, of high treason ;

And you, Lord Archbishop, and you, Lord Mow-
bray,

Of capital treason I attach you both.

Mowb. Is this proceeding just and honourable ? 110

West. Is your assembly so ?

Arch. Will you thus break your faith ?

Lan. I pawn'd thee none.

I promis'd you redress of these same grievances
Whereof you did complain ; which, by mine
honour,

I will perform with a most Christian care. 115

But for you, rebels, look to taste the due

Meet for rebellion [and such acts as yours].

Most shallowly did you these arms commence,

Fondly brought here and foolishly sent hence.

Strike up our drums, pursue the scatt'ed
stray.

God, and not we, hath safely fought to-day. 121

Some guard these traitors to the block of death,

Treason's true bed and yielder up of breath.

Exeunt.

SCENE III

[Another part of the forest.]

Alarums. Excursion. Enter Falstaff and Colville
To him Colville joins [meeting].

Fal. What's your name, sir? Of what condition
 are you, and of what place, [I pray]?

Col. I am a knight, sir; and my name is Colville
 of the Dale.

Fal. Well, then, Colville is your name, a knight 5
 is your degree, and your place the Dale.
 Colville shall be still your name, a traitor
 your degree, and the dungeon your place, a
 place deep enough; so shall you be still Col-
 ville of the Dale. 10

Col. Are not you Sir John Falstaff?

Fal. As good a man as he, sir, whoe'er I am. Do
 ye yield, sir? or shall I sweat for you? If I
 do sweat, they are the drops of thy lovers, and
 they weep for thy death; therefore rouse up 15
 fear and trembling, and do observance to my
 mercy.

Col. I think you are Sir John Falstaff, and in
 that thought yield me.

Fal. I have a whole school of tongues in this belly 20
 of mine, and not a tongue of them all speaks
 any other word but my name. An I had but

a belly of any indifferency, I were simply the most active fellow in Europe. My womb, my womb, my womb, undoes me. Here comes 25
our general.

*Enter Prince John of Lancaster, Westmoreland, [Blunt]
and others.*

Lan. The heat is past ; follow no further now.

Call in the powers, good cousin Westmoreland.

[Exit Westmoreland.]

Now, Falstaff, where have you been all this while ?

When everything is ended, then you come. 30

These tardy tricks of yours will, on my life,

One time or other break some gallows' back.

Fal. I would be sorry, my lord, but it should be thus. I never knew yet but rebuke and check was the reward of valour. Do you think me 35
a swallow, an arrow, or a bullet ? Have I, in my poor and old motion, the expedition of thought ? I have speeded hither with the very extremest inch of possibility ; I have found'red ninescore and odd posts ; and here, 40
travel-tainted as I am, have, in my pure and immaculate valour, taken Sir John Colville of the Dale, a most furious knight and valorous enemy. But what of that ? He saw me, and yielded ; that I may justly say, with the hook-nos'd 45
fellow of Rome, "I came, saw, and overcame."

Lan. It was more of his courtesy than your deserving.

Fal. I know not. Here he is, and here I yield him; and I beseech your Grace, let it be
book'd with the rest of this day's deeds; or, 50
by the Lord, I will have it in a particular ballad
else, with mine own picture on the top on't,
Colville kissing my foot; to the which course if
I be enforc'd, if you do not all show like guilt 55
twopences to me, and I in the clear sky of fame
o'ershine you as much as the full moon doth the
cinders of the element, which show like pins'
heads to her, believe not the word of the noble.
Therefore let me have right, and let desert 60
mount.

Lan. Thine's too heavy to mount.

Fal. Let it shine, then.

Lan. Thine's too thick to shine.

Fal. Let it do something, my good lord, that may 65
do me good, and call it what you will.

Lan. Is thy name Colville?

Col. It is, my lord.

Lan. (A famous rebel art thou, Colville.)

Fal. And a famous true subject took him. 70

Col. I am, my lord, but as my betters are
That led me hither. Had they been rul'd by me,
You should have won them dearer than you
have.

Fal. I know not how they sold themselves; but
thou, like a kind fellow, gav'st thyself away 75
gratis; and I thank thee for thee.

Re-enter Westmoreland.

Lan. Now, have you left pursuit?

West. Retreat is made and execution stay'd.

Lan. Send Colville with his confederates

To York, to present execution. 80

Blunt, lead him hence; and see you guard him
sure.

Exeunt [Blunt and others] with Colville.

And now dispatch we toward the court, my
lords;

I hear the King my father is sore sick.

Our news shall go before us to his Majesty,

Which, cousin, you shall bear to comfort him, 85

And we with sober speed will follow you.

Fal. My lord, I beseech you, give me leave to go

Through Gloucestershire; and, when you come
to court,

Stand my good lord, [pray,] in your good re-
port.

Lan. Fare you well, Falstaff. I, in my condition, 90
Shall better speak of you than you deserve.

Exeunt [all but Falstaff].

Fal. I would you had [but] the wit; 'twere better
than your dukedom. Good faith, this same

young sober-blooded boy doth not love me,
nor a man cannot make him laugh ; but that's 95
no marvel, he drinks no wine. There's never
none of these demure boys come to any proof ;
for thin drink doth so over-cool their blood,
and making many fish-meals, that they fall
into a kind of male green-sickness ; and then, 100
when they marry, they get wenches. They
are generally fools and cowards ; which some
of us should be too, but for inflammation. A
good sherris-sack hath a two-fold operation in
it. It ascends me into the brain ; dries me 105
there all the foolish and dull and crudy
vapours which environ it ; makes it apprehen-
sive, quick, forgetive, full of nimble, fiery,
and delectable shapes ; which, deliver'd o'er
to the voice, the tongue, which is the birth,
becomes excellent wit. The second property 110
of your excellent sherris is, the warming of the
blood ; which, before cold and settled, left the
liver white and pale, which is the badge of
pusillanimity and cowardice ; but the sherris
warms it and makes it course from the inwards 115
to the parts extremes. It illumineth the
face, which as a beacon gives warning to all the
rest of this little kingdom, man, to arm ; and
then the vital commoners and inland petty
spirits muster me all to their captain, the heart, 120

who, great and puff'd up with this retinue,
 doth any deed of courage; and this valour
 comes of sherris. So that skill in the weapon is
 nothing without sack, for that sets it a-work;
 and learning a mere hoard of gold kept by a 125
 devil, till sack commences it and sets it in act
 and use. Hereof comes it that Prince Harry is
 valiant; for the cold blood he did naturally
 inherit of his father, he hath, like lean, sterile,
 and bare land, manured, husbanded, and till'd 130
 with excellent endeavour of drinking good
 and good store of fertile sherris, that he is be-
 come very hot and valiant. If I had a thou-
 sand sons, the first humane principle I would
 teach them should be, to forswear thin pota- 135
 tions and to addict themselves to sack.

Enter Bardolph.

How now, Bardolph?

Bard. The army is discharged all and gone.

Fal. Let them go. I'll through Gloucestershire;
 and there will I visit Master Robert Shallow,
 esquire. I have him already tempering be- 140
 tween my finger and my thumb, and shortly
 will I seal with him. Come away.

Exeunt.

SCENE IV.

[*Westminster. The Jerusalem Chamber.*]

Enter the King, the Princes Thomas of Clarence and Humphrey of Gloucester, Warwick [and others].

King. Now, lords, if God doth give successful end
To this debate that bleedeth at our doors,
We will our youth lead on to higher fields,
And draw no swords but what are sanctifi'd.
Our navy is address'd, our power collected, 5
Our substitutes in absence well invested,
And everything lies level to our wish.
Only, we want a little personal strength;
And pause us, till these rebels, now afoot,
Come underneath the yoke of government. 10

War. Both which we doubt not but your Majesty
Shall soon enjoy.

King. Humphrey, my son of Gloucester,
Where is the Prince your brother?

Glou. I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

King. And how accompanied?

Glou. I do not know, my lord.

King. Is not his brother, Thomas of Clarence, with
him? 16

Glou. No, my good lord; he is in presence here.

Clar. What would my lord and father?

King. Nothing but well to thee, Thomas of Clarence.

How chance thou art not with the Prince thy
brother? 20

He loves thee, and thou dost neglect him, Thomas.

Thou hast a better place in his affection
Than all thy brothers. Cherish it, my boy,
And noble offices thou mayst effect

Of mediation, after I am dead, 25

Between his greatness and thy other brethren.

Therefore omit him not; blunt not his love,

Nor lose the good advantage of his grace

By seeming cold or careless of his will.

For he is gracious, if he be observ'd; 30

He hath a tear for pity, and a hand

Open as day for melting charity;

Yet notwithstanding, being incens'd, he's flint,

As humorous as winter, and as sudden

As flaws congealed in the spring of day. 35

His temper, therefore, must be well observ'd.

Chide him for faults, and do it reverently,

When you perceive his blood inclin'd to mirth;

But, being moody, give him time and scope,

Till that his passions, like a whale on ground, 40

Confound themselves with working. Learn this,

Thomas,

And thou shalt prove a shelter to thy friends,

A hoop of gold to bind thy brothers in,

That the united vessel of their blood,

Mingled with venom of suggestion, 45

(As, force perforce, the age will pour it in,
Shall never leak, though it do work as strong
As aconitum or rash gunpowder.

Clar. I shall observe him with all care and love.

King. Why art thou not at Windsor with him,
Thomas ?

50

Clar. He is not there to-day ; he dines in London.

King. And how accompanied ? [Canst thou tell that ?]

Clar. With Pains, and other his continual followers.

King. Most subject is the fattest soil to weeds,

And he, the noble image of my youth,

55

Is overspread with them ; therefore my grief
Stretches itself beyond the hour of death.

The blood weeps from my heart when I do shape

In forms imaginary the unguided days

And rotten times that you shall look upon

60

When I am sleeping with my ancestors.

For when his headstrong riot hath no curb,

When rage and hot blood are his counsellors,

When means and lavish manners meet together,

O, with what wings shall his affections fly

65

Towards fronting peril and oppos'd decay !

War. My gracious lord, you look beyond him quite.

The Prince but studies his companions

Like a strange tongue, wherein, to gain the language,

'Tis needful that the most immodest word

70

Be look'd upon and learn'd ; which once attain'd,

Your Highness knows, comes to no further use

But to be known and hated. So, like gross terms,
The Prince will in the perfectness of time
Cast off his followers ; and their memory 75
Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
By which his Grace must mete the lives of others,
Turning past evils to advantages.

King. 'Tis seldom when the bee doth leave her comb
In the dead carrion.

Enter Westmoreland.

Who's here ? Westmoreland ?

West. Health to my sovereign, and new happiness 81
Added to that that I am to deliver !
Prince John your son doth kiss your Grace's hand.
Mowbray, the Bishop Scroop, Hastings and all
Are brought to the correction of your law. 85
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But Peace puts forth her olive everywhere.
The manner how this action hath been borne
Here at more leisure may your Highness read,
With every course in his particular. 90

King. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day.

Enter Harcourt.

Look, here's more news.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your Majesty ;

And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of ! 96

The Earl Northumberland and the Lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown.

The manner and true order of the fight 100

This packet, please it you, contains at large.

King. And wherefore should these good news make
me sick ?

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
She either gives a stomach and no food ; 105

Such are the poor, in health ; or else a feast
And takes away the stomach ; such are the rich,
That have abundance and enjoy it not.

I should rejoice now at this happy news ;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy.

O me ! come near me ; now I am much ill. 111

Glou. Comfort, your Majesty !

Clar. O my royal father !

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself, look up.

War. Be patient, Princes ; you do know, these fits
Are with his Highness very ordinary. 115

Stand from him, give him air. He'll straight be well.

Clar. No, no, he cannot long hold out these pangs.

The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure that should confine it in
So thin that life looks through [and will break out].

Glou. The people fear me ; for they do observe 121
 Unfather'd heirs and loathly births of nature.
 The seasons change their manners, as the year
 Had found some months asleep and leap'd them
 over.

Clar. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between ;
 And the old folk, time's doting chronicles, 126
 Say it did so a little time before

That our great-grandsire, Edward, sick'd and died.

Wor. Speak lower, Princes, for the King recovers.

Glou. This apoplexy will certain be his end. 130

King. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
 Into some other chamber. [Softly, pray.]

[*Exeunt. The King is borne out.*]

SCENE V

[*Another chamber.*]

The King lying on a bed: Clarence, Gloucester, Warwick, and others in attendance.

King. Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends ;
 Unless some dull and favourable hand
 Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

Wor. Call for the music in the other room.

King. Set me the crown upon my pillow here. 5

Clar. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

War. Less noise, less noise !

Enter Prince Henry.

Prince. Who saw the Duke of Clarence ?

Clar. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

Prince. How now ! rain within doors, and none
abroad !

How doth the King ? 10

Glou. Exceeding ill.

Prince. Heard he the good news yet ?

Tell it him.

Glou. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

Prince. If he be sick with joy, he'll recover without
physic. 15

War. Not so much noise, my lords. Sweet Prince,
speak low ;

The King, your father, is dispos'd to sleep.

Clar. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your Grace to go along with us ?

Prince. No ; I will sit and watch here by the King. 20

[Exeunt all but the Prince.]

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,

Being so troublesome a bedfellow ?

O polish'd perturbation ! golden care !

That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide

To many a watchful night ! Sleep with it now !

Yet not so sound and half so deeply sweet 26

As he whose brow with homely biggen bound

Snores out the watch of night. O majesty !

When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
 Like a rich armour worn in heat of day, 30
 That scald'st with safety. By his gates of breath
 There lies a downy feather which stirs not.
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
 Perforce must move. My gracious lord! my
 father!

This sleep is sound indeed; this is a sleep 35
 That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
 So many English kings. Thy due from me
 Is tears and heavy sorrows of the blood,
 Which nature, love, and filial tenderness
 Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously. 40
 My due from thee is this imperial crown,
 Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
 Derives itself to me. [*Puts on the crown.*] Lo,
 where it sits,

Which God shall guard; and put the world's
 whole strength

Into one giant arm, it shall not force 45
 This lineal honour from me. This from thee
 Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. *Exit.*

King. Warwick! Gloucester! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, Gloucester, Clarence [and the rest].

Clar. Doth the King call?

War. What would your Majesty? [How fares your
 Grace?] 50

King. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Clar. We left the Prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

King. The Prince of Wales! Where is he? Let me
see him.

He is not here.

55

War. This door is open; he is gone this way.

Glou. He came not through the chamber where we
stay'd.

King. Where is the crown? Who took it from my
pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here.

King. The Prince hath ta'en it hence. Go, seek him
out.

60

Is he so hasty that he doth suppose

My sleep my death?

Find him, my Lord of Warwick; chide him hither.

[*Exit Warwick.*]

This part of his conjoins with my disease,

And helps to end me. See, sons, what things you
are!

65

How quickly nature falls into revolt

When gold becomes her object!

For this the foolish over-careful fathers

Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains
with care,

Their bones with industry;

70

For this they have engrossed and pil'd up

The cank' red heaps of strange-achieved gold ;
 For this they have been thoughtful to invest
 Their sons with arts and martial exercises ;
 When, like the bee, tolling from every flower 75
 [The virtuous sweets],

Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with
 honey,

We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,
 Are murd' red for our pains. This bitter taste
 Yields his engrossments to the ending father. 80

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
 Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me ?

War. My lord, I found the Prince in the next room,
 Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks,
 With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow 85
 That Tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
 Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
 With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

King. But wherefore did he take away the crown ?

Re-enter Prince Harry.

Lo, where he comes. Come hither to me, Harry.
 Depart the chamber, leave us here alone. 91

Exeunt [Warwick and the rest].

Prince. I never thought to hear you speak again.

King. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.

Dost thou so hunger for mine empty chair 95

That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine
honours

Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!

Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm
thee.

Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity

Is held from falling with so weak a wind 100

That it will quickly drop. My day is dim.

Thou hast stolen that which after some few hours

Were thine without offence; and at my death

Thou hast seal'd up my expectation.

Thy life did manifest thou lov'dst me not, 105

And thou wilt have me die assur'd of it.

Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,

Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,

To stab at half an hour of my life.

What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?

Then get thee gone and dig my grave thyself, 110

And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear

That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.

Let all the tears that should bedew my hearse

Be drops of balm to sanctify thy head; 115

Only compound me with forgotten dust;

Give that which gave thee life unto the worms.

Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;

For now a time is come to mock at form.

Harry the Fifth is crown'd ! Up, vanity ! 120

Down, royal state ! All you sage counsellors, hence !

And to the English court assemble now,

From every region, apes of idleness !

Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum !

Have you a ruffian that will swear, drink, dance,

Revel the night, rob, murder, and commit 126

The oldest sins the newest kind of ways ?

Be happy, he will trouble you no more.

England shall double gild his treble guilt,

England shall give him office, honour, might ; 130

For the fifth Harry from curb'd license plucks

The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog

Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent.

O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows !

When that my care could not withhold thy riots,

What wilt thou do when riot is thy care ? } 136

O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,

Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants !

Prince. O, pardon me, my liege ! but for my tears,

The moist impediments unto my speech, 140

I had forestall'd this dear and deep rebuke

Ere you with grief had spoke and I had heard

The course of it so far. There is your crown ;

And He that wears the crown immortally

Long guard it yours ! If I affect it more 145

Than as your honour and as your renown,

Let me no more from this obedience rise, [*Kneels.*]

Which my most inward, true, and duteous spirit
Teacheth, this prostrate and exterior bending.
God witness with me, when I here came in, 150
And found no course of breath within your
Majesty,

How cold it struck my heart ! If I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed ! 155
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,
I spake unto this crown as having sense,
And thus upbraided it : "The care on thee de-
pending

Hath fed upon the body of my father ; 160
Therefore, thou best of gold art worst of gold.
Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
Preserving life in medicine potable ;
But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most re-
nown'd,
Hast eat thy bearer up." Thus, my most royal
liege, 165

Accusing it, I put it on my head,
To try with it, as with an enemy
That had before my face murd'ed my father,
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy, 170
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride ;

If any rebel or vain spirit of mine
Did with the least affection of a welcome
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head 175
And make me as the poorest vassal is
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it !

King. [O my son,]

God put it in thy mind to take it hence,
That thou mightst win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it ! 181

Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed ;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe. God knows, my son,
By what by-paths and indirect crook'd ways 185
I met this crown ; and I myself know well
How troublesome it sat upon my head.

To thee it shall descend with better quiet,
Better opinion, better confirmation ;
For all the soil of the achievement goes 190
With me into the earth.) It seem'd in me

But as an honour snatch'd with boist'rous hand,
And I had many living to upbraid
My gain of it by their assistances ;
Which daily grew to quarrel and to bloodshed, 195
Wounding supposed peace. All these bold fears
Thou see'st with peril I have answered ;
For all my reign hath been but as a scene
Acting that argument ; and now my death

Changes the mode; for what in me was purchas'd, 200

Falls upon thee in a more fairer sort;

So thou the garland wear'st successively.

Yet, though thou stand'st more sure than I could do,

Thou art not firm enough, since griefs are green;

And all [my] friends, which thou must make thy friends, 205

Have but their stings and teeth newly ta'en out;

By whose fell working I was first advanc'd

And by whose power I well might lodge a fear

To be again displac'd; which to avoid,

I cut them off; and had a purpose now 210

To lead out many to the Holy Land,

Lest rest and lying still might make them look

Too near unto my state. Therefore, my Harry,

Be it thy course to busy giddy minds

With foreign quarrels, that action, hence borne out, 215

May waste the memory of the former days.

More would I, but my lungs are wasted so

That strength of speech is utterly deni'd me.

How I came by the crown, O God forgive;

And grant it may with thee in true peace live! 220

Prince. [My gracious liege,]

You won it, wore it, kept it, gave it me;

Then plain and right must my possession be,

Which I with more than with a common pain
'Gainst all the world will rightfully maintain. 225

Enter Lord John of Lancaster and Warwick.

King. Look, look, here comes my John of Lancaster.

Lan. Health, peace, and happiness to my royal
father!

King. Thou bring'st me happiness and peace, son
John;

But health, alack, with youthful wings is flown
From this bare wither'd trunk. Upon thy sight
My worldly business makes a period. 231

Where is my Lord of Warwick?

Prince. My Lord of Warwick!

King. Doth any name particular belong
Unto the lodging where I first did swoon?

War. 'Tis call'd Jerusalem, my noble lord. 235

King. Laud be to God! even there my life must
end.

It hath been prophesi'd to me many years,
I should not die but in Jerusalem;
Which vainly I suppos'd the Holy Land.
But bear me to that chamber; there I'll lie; 240
In that Jerusalem shall Harry die. *Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH

SCENE I

[*Gloucestershire. Shallow's house.*]

Enter Shallow, Falstaff, Bardolph, and Page.

Shal. By cock and pie, sir, you shall not away to-night. What, Davy, I say !

Fal. You must excuse me, Master Robert Shallow.

Shal. I will not excuse you ; you shall not be excus'd ; excuses shall not be admitted ; there is no excuse shall serve ; you shall not be excus'd. Why, Davy ! 5

[*Enter Davy.*]

Davy. Here, sir.

Shal. Davy, Davy, Davy, Davy, let me see, 10
Davy ; let me see, Davy ; let me see. Yea, marry, William cook, bid him come hither. Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Marry, sir, thus ; those precepts cannot be serv'd ; and, again, sir, shall we sow the 15
headland with wheat ?

Shal. With red wheat, Davy. But for William cook : are there no young pigeons ?

Davy. Yes, sir. Here is now the smith's note for shoeing and plough-irons. 20

Shal. Let it be cast and paid. Sir John, you shall not be excus'd.

Davy. Now, sir, a new link to the bucket must needs be had ; and, sir, do you mean to stop any of William's wages, about the sack he 25 lost [the other day] at Hinckley fair ?

Shal. 'A shall answer it. Some pigeons, Davy, a couple of short-legg'd hens, a joint of mutton, and any pretty little tiny kickshaws, tell William cook. 30

Davy. Doth the man of war stay all night, sir ?

Shal. Yea, Davy ; I will use him well. A friend i' the court is better than a penny in purse. Use his men well, Davy ; for they are arrant 35 knaves, and will backbite.

Davy. No worse than they are backbitten, sir ; for they have marvellous foul linen.

Shal. Well conceited, Davy. About thy business, Davy. 40

Davy. I beseech you, sir, to countenance William Visor of Woncot against Clement Perkes o' the hill.

Shal. There is many complaints, Davy, against

that Visor. That Visor is an arrant knave, 45
on my knowledge.

Davy. I grant your worship that he is a knave,
sir; but yet, God forbid, sir, but a knave
should have some countenance at his friend's
request. An honest man, sir, is able to speak 50
for himself, when a knave is not. I have
serv'd your worship truly, sir, this eight
years; and if I cannot once or twice in a quar-
ter bear out a knave against an honest man, I
have [but a very] little credit with your wor- 55
ship. The knave is mine honest friend, sir;
therefore, I beseech you, let him be counte-
nanc'd.

Shal. Go to; I say he shall have no wrong. Look
about, Davy. [*Exit Davy.*] Where are you, 60
Sir John? Come, come, come, off with your
boots. Give me your hand, Master Bardolph.

Bard. I am glad to see your worship.

Shal. I thank thee with [all] my heart, kind Master
Bardolph: and welcome, my tall fellow [to 65
the Page]. Come, Sir John.

Fal. I'll follow you, good Master Robert Shallow.
[*Exit Shallow.*] Bardolph, look to our horses.
[*Exeunt Bardolph and Page.*] If I were saw'd
into quantities, I should make four dozen of 70
such bearded hermits' staves as Master
Shallow. It is a wonderful thing to see the

semblable coherence of his men's spirits and his. They, by observing [of] him, do bear themselves like foolish justices; he, by conversing with them, is turn'd into a justice-like serving-man. Their spirits are so married in conjunction with the participation of society that they flock together in consent, like so many wild-geese. If I had a suit to Master Shallow, I would humour his men with the imputation of being near their master; if to his men, I would curry with Master Shallow that no man could better command his servants. It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another; therefore let men take heed of their company. I will devise matter enough out of this Shallow to keep Prince Harry in continual laughter the wearing out of six fashions, which is four terms, or two actions, and 'a shall laugh without intervallums. O, it is much that a lie with a slight oath and a jest with a sad brow will do with a fellow that never had the ache in his shoulders! O, you shall see him laugh till his face be like a wet cloak ill laid up.

95

Shal. [Within.] Sir John!

Fal. I come, Master Shallow; I come, Master Shallow.

Exit.

SCENE II

[*Westminster. The palace.*]

Enter Warwick and the Lord Chief Justice [meeting].

War. How now, my Lord Chief Justice! whither
away?

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well; his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope, not dead.

War. He's walk'd the way of nature;
And to our purposes he lives no more. 5

Ch. Just. I would his Majesty had call'd me with him.
The service that I truly did his life
Hath left me open to all injuries.

War. Indeed I think the young King loves you not.

Ch. Just. I know he doth not, and do arm myself 10
To welcome the condition of the time,
Which cannot look more hideously upon me
Than I have drawn it in my fantasy.

*Enter Lancaster, Clarence, Gloucester [Westmoreland, and
others].*

War. Here come the heavy issue of dead Harry:
O that the living Harry had the temper 15
Of him, the worst of these three gentlemen!
How many nobles then should hold their places,
That must strike sail to spirits of vile sort!

Ch. Just. O God, I fear all will be over-turn'd !

Lan. Good morrow, cousin Warwick, good morrow. 20

Glou. } Good morrow, cousin.
Clar. }

Lan. We meet like men that had forgot to speak.

War. We do remember ; but our argument

Is all too heavy to admit much talk.

Lan. Well, peace be with him that hath made us heavy !

Ch. Just. Peace be with us, lest we be heavier ! 26

Glou. O, good my lord, you have lost a friend indeed ;
And I dare swear you borrow not that face
Of seeming sorrow ; it is sure your own.

Lan. Though no man be assur'd what grace to find, 30
You stand in coldest expectation.

I am the sorrier ; would 'twere otherwise !

Clar. Well, you must now speak Sir John Falstaff fair ;
Which swims against your stream of quality.

Ch. Just. Sweet princes, what I did, I did in honour, 35
Led by the impartial conduct of my soul ;

And never shall you see that I will beg

A ragged and forestall'd remission.

If truth and upright innocency fail me,

I'll to the King my master that is dead,

And tell him who hath sent me after him. 40

War. Here comes the Prince.

Enter King Henry the Fifth [attended].

Ch. Just. Good morrow ; and God save your Majesty !

King. This new and gorgeous garment, majesty,
Sits not so easy on me as you think. 45
Brothers, you mix your sadness with some
fear.

This is the English, not the Turkish court ;
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds,
But Harry Harry. Yet be sad, good brothers,
For, by my faith, it very well becomes you. 50
Sorrow so royally in you appears
That I will deeply put the fashion on
And wear it in my heart. Why then, be sad ;
But entertain no more of it, good brothers,
Than a joint burden laid upon us all. 55
For me, by heaven, I bid you be assur'd,
I'll be your father and your brother too.
Let me but bear your love, I'll bear your cares.
Yet weep that Harry's dead, and so will I ;
But Harry lives, that shall convert those tears 60
By number into hours of happiness.

Princes. We hope no other from your Majesty.

King. You all look strangely on me, and you most.

You are, I think, assur'd I love you not.

Ch. Just. I am assur'd, if I be measur'd rightly, 65
Your Majesty hath no just cause to hate me.

King. No ?

How might a prince of my great hopes forget
So great indignities you laid upon me ?

What ! rate, rebuke, and roughly send to prison 70

The immediate heir of England ! Was this easy ?
May this be wash'd in Lethe, and forgotten ?

Ch. Just. I then did use the person of your father ;
The image of his power lay then in me ;
And, in the administration of his law, 75
Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth,
Your Highness pleased to forget my place,
The majesty and power of law and justice,
The image of the King whom I presented,
And struck me in my very seat of judgement ; 80
Whereon, as an offender to your father,
I gave bold way to my authority
And did commit you. If the deed were ill,
Be you contented, wearing now the garland,
To have a son set your decrees at nought ? 85
To pluck down justice from your awful bench ?
To trip the course of law and blunt the sword
That guards the peace and safety of your person ?
Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image
And mock your workings in a second body ? 90
Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours :
Be now the father and propose a son,
Hear your own dignity so much profan'd,
See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted,
Behold yourself so by a son disdained ; 95
And then imagine me taking your part
And in your power soft silencing your son.
After this cold considerance, sentence me ;

And, as you are a king, speak in your state
What I have done that misbecame my place, 100
My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

King. You are right, Justice, and you weigh this well,
Therefore still bear the balance and the sword ;
And I do wish your honours may increase,
Till you do live to see a son of mine 105
Offend you and obey you, as I did.
So shall I live to speak my father's words :
"Happy am I, that have a man so bold,
That dares do justice on my proper son ;
And not less happy, having such a son 110
That would deliver up his greatness so
Into the hands of justice." You did commit me ;
For which, I do commit into your hand
The unstained sword that you have us'd to bear ;
With this remembrance, that you use the same 115
With the like bold, just, and impartial spirit
As you have done 'gainst me. There is my hand.
You shall be as a father to my youth,
My voice shall sound as you do prompt mine ear,
And I will stoop and humble my intents 120
To your well-practis'd wise directions.
And, princes all, believe me, I beseech you,
My father is gone wild into his grave,
For in his tomb lie my affections ;
And with his spirit sadly I survive, 125
To mock the expectation of the world,

To frustrate prophecies, and to raze out
 Rotten opinion, who hath writ me down
 After my seeming. The tide of blood in me
 Hath proudly flow'd in vanity till now : 130
 Now doth it turn and ebb back to the sea,
 Where it shall mingle with the state of floods
 And flow henceforth in formal majesty.
 Now call we our high court of parliament ;
 And let us choose such limbs of noble counsel, 135
 That the great body of our state may go
 In equal rank with the best govern'd nation ;
 That war, or peace, or both at once, may be
 As things acquainted and familiar to us ;
 In which you, father, shall have foremost hand.
 Our coronation done, we will accite, 141
 As I before rememb' red, all our state ;
 And, God consigning to my good intents,
 No prince nor peer shall have just cause to say,
 God shorten Harry's happy life one day ! 145
Exeunt.

SCENE III

[*Gloucestershire. Shallow's orchard.*]

Enter Falstaff, Shallow, Silence, Davy, Bardolph, and the Page.

Shal. Nay, you shall see my orchard, where, in an
 arbour, we will eat a last year's pippin of mine

own graffing, with a dish of caraways, and so forth, — come, cousin Silence, — and then to bed.

5

Fal. 'Fore God, you have here a goodly dwelling and a rich.

Shal. Barren, barren, barren ; beggars all, beggars all, Sir John : marry, good air. Spread, Davy ; spread, Davy. Well said, Davy.

10

Fal. This Davy serves you for good uses ; he is your serving-man and your husband.

Shal. A good varlet, a good varlet, a very good varlet, Sir John. By the mass, I have drunk too much sack at supper. A good varlet. Now sit down, now sit down. Come, cousin.

15

Sil. Ah, sirrah ! quoth-a, we shall

[Singing.]

“Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year,
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there

20

So merrily,

And ever among so merrily.”

Fal. There's a merry heart ! Good Master Silence, I'll give you a health for that anon.

25

Shal. Give Master Bardolph some wine, Davy.

Davy. Sweet sir, sit ; I'll be with you anon ; most sweet sir, sit. Master page, good master page,

sit. Proface! What you want in meat, 30
we'll have in drink; but you must bear. The
heart's all. [Exit.]

Shal. Be merry, Master Bardolph; and, my little
soldier there, be merry.

Sil. [Singing.] "Be merry, be merry, my wife has all;
For women are shrews, both short and tall. 36
'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all,
And welcome merry Shrove-tide.
Be merry, be merry."

Fal. I did not think Master Silence had been a man 40
of this mettle.

Sil. Who? I? I have been merry twice and once
ere now.

Re-enter Davy.

Davy. There's a dish of leather-coats for you.
[To Bardolph.]

Shal. Davy! 45

Davy. Your worship! I'll be with you straight. A
cup of wine, sir?

Sil. [Singing.] "A cup of wine that's brisk and fine,
And drink unto the leman mine;
And a merry heart lives long-a." 50

Fal. Well said, Master Silence.

Sil. An we shall be merry, now comes in the sweet
o' the night.

Fal. Health and long life to you, Master Si-
lence. 55

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Fill the cup, and let it come ;
I'll pledge you a mile to the bottom."

Shal. Honest Bardolph, welcome. If thou want'st
anything, and wilt not call, beshrew thy
heart. Welcome, my little tiny thief [*to the* 60
Page], and welcome indeed too. I'll drink to
Master Bardolph, and to all the cavaleros
about London.

Davy. I hope to see London once ere I die.

Bard. An I might see you there, Davy, — 65

Shal. By the mass, you'll crack a quart together,
ha ! will you not, Master Bardolph ?

Bard. Yea, sir, in a pottle-pot.

Shal. By God's liggens, I thank thee. The knave
will stick by thee, I can assure thee that. 'A 70
will not out ; he is true bred.

Bard. And I'll stick by him, sir.

One knocks at door.

Shal. Why, there spoke a king. Lack nothing ; be
merry ! Look who's at door there. Ho !
who knocks ? [*Exit Davy.*]

Fal. Why, now you have done me right. 76
[*To Silence, seeing him take off a bumper.*]

Sil. [*Singing.*] "Do me right,
And dub me knight :
S'amingo."

Is't not so ?

80

Fal. 'Tis so.

Sil. Is't so? Why then, say an old man can do somewhat.

[*Re-enter Davy.*]

Davy. An't please your worship, there's one Pistol come from the court with news. 85

Fal. From the court! Let him come in.

Enter Pistol.

How now, Pistol!

Pist. Sir John, God save you!

Fal. What wind blew you hither, Pistol?

Pist. Not the ill wind which blows no man to good. 90
Sweet knight, thou art now one of the greatest men in this realm.

Sil. By'r lady, I think 'a be, but goodman Puff of Barson.

Pist. Puff! 95

Puff i' thy teeth, most recreant coward base!
Sir John, I am thy Pistol and thy friend,
And helter-skelter have I rode to thee,
And tidings do I bring, and lucky joys
And golden times and happy news of price. 100

Fal. I pray thee now, deliver them like a man of this world.

Pist. A foutra for the world and worldlings base!
I speak of Africa and golden joys.

Fal. O base Assyrian knight, what is thy news? 105
Let King Cophetua know the truth thereof.

Sil. [*Singing.*]

“And Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John.”

Pist. Shall dunghill curs confront the Helicons?

And shall good news be baffled?

Then, Pistol, lay thy head in Furies' lap. 110

Sil. Honest gentleman, I know not your breeding.

Pist. Why then, lament therefore.

Shal. Give me pardon, sir. If, sir, you come with news from the court, I take it there's but two 115 ways, either to utter them, or to conceal them. I am, sir, under the King, in some authority.

Pist. Under which king, Besonian? Speak, or die. 119

Shal. Under King Harry.

Pist. Harry the Fourth or Fifth?

Shal. Harry the Fourth.

Pist. A foutra for thine office!

Sir John, thy tender lambkin now is king;

Harry the Fifth's the man. I speak the truth.

When Pistol lies, do this, and fig me like

The bragging Spaniard. 125

Fal. What, is the old king dead?

Pist. As nail in door. The things I speak are just.

Fal. Away, Bardolph! saddle my horse. Master Robert Shallow, choose what office thou wilt in the land, 'tis thine. Pistol, I will double- 130 charge thee with dignities.

Bard. O joyful day !

I would not take a knighthood for my fortune.

Pist. What ! I do bring good news.

Fal. Carry Master Silence to bed. Master Shal- 135

low, my Lord Shallow, — be what thou wilt ; I

am Fortune's steward — get on thy boots. We'll

ride all night. O sweet Pistol ! Away, Bardolph !

[*Exit Bard.*] Come, Pistol, utter more to me ;

and withal devise something to do thyself good. 140

Boot, boot, Master Shallow ! I know the

young king is sick for me. Let us take any

man's horses ; the laws of England are at my

commandment. Blessed are they that have been

my friends ; and woe to my Lord Chief Justice! 145

Pist. Let vultures vile seize on his lungs also !

"Where is the life that late I led ?" say they.

Why here it is ; welcome these pleasant days !

Exeunt.

SCENE IV

[*London. A street.*]

Enter Beadles, [dragging in] Hostess Quickly and Doll Tearsheet.

Host. No, thou arrant knave ; I would to God that

I might die, that I might have thee hang'd.

Thou hast drawn my shoulder out of joint.

1. *Bead.* The constables have deliver'd her over

to me; and she shall have whipping-cheer 5
enough, I warrant her. There hath been a man
or two lately kill'd about her.

Dol. Nut-hook, nut-hook, you lie. Come on! I'll
tell thee what, thou damn'd tripe-visag'd 10
rascal, an the child I now go with do mis-
carry, thou wert better thou hadst struck thy
mother, thou paper-fac'd villain!

Host. O the Lord, that Sir John were come! He
would make this a bloody day to somebody.
But I pray God the fruit of her womb miscarry. 15

1. Bead. If it do, you shall have a dozen of cushions
again; you have but eleven now. Come,
I charge you both go with me; for the man is
dead that you and Pistol beat amongst you.

Dol. I'll tell you what, you thin man in a censer, 20
I will have you as soundly swung for this, —
you blue-bottle rogue, you filthy famish'd cor-
rectioner, if you be not swung, I'll forswear
half-kirtles.

1. Bead. Come, come, you she knight-errant, 25
come.

Host. O God, that right should thus overcome
might! Well, of sufferance comes ease.

Dol. Come, you rogue, come; bring me to a jus-
tice. 30

Host. Ay, come, you starv'd blood-hound.

Dol. Goodman death, goodman bones!

Host. Thou atomy, thou !

Dol. Come, you thin thing ; come, you rascal.

1. Bead. Very well.

Exeunt. 35

SCENE V

[*A public place near Westminster Abbey.*]

Enter two Grooms, strewing rushes.

1. Groom. More rushes, more rushes.

2. Groom. The trumpets have sounded twice.

1. Groom. 'Twill be two o'clock ere they come from
the coronation. Dispatch, dispatch. *Exeunt.*

*Trumpets sound, and the King and his train pass over
the stage. After them enter Falstaff, Shallow, Pistol,
Bardolph, and Page.*

Fal. Stand here by me, Master Robert Shallow ; 5
I will make the King do you grace. I will
leer upon him as he comes by ; and do but
mark the countenance that he will give me.

Pist. God bless thy lungs, good knight.

Fal. Come here, Pistol ; stand behind me. O, if I 10
had had time to have made new liveries, I
would have bestowed the thousand pound I
borrowed of you. But 'tis no matter ; this
poor show doth better ; this doth infer the zeal
I had to see him. 15

[*Shal.*] It doth so.

Fal. It shows my earnestness of affection, —

Shal. It doth so.

Fal. My devotion, —

Shal. It doth, it doth, it doth. 20

Fal. As it were, to ride day and night ; and not to deliberate, not to remember, not to have patience to shift me, —

Shal. It is best, certain.

[*Fal.*] But to stand stained with travel, and sweating with desire to see him ; thinking of nothing else, putting all affairs else in oblivion, as if there were nothing else to be done but to see him. 25

Pist. 'Tis "*semper idem*," for "*obsque hoc nihil est*." 30
'Tis all in every part.

Shal. 'Tis so, indeed.

Pist. My knight, I will inflame thy noble liver,
And make thee rage.
Thy Doll, and Helen of thy noble thoughts, 35
Is in base durance and contagious prison ;
Hal'd thither
By most mechanical and dirty hand.
Rouse up revenge from ebon den with fell Alecto's
snake, 39

For Doll is in. Pistol speaks nought but truth.

Fal. I will deliver her.

Pist. There roar'd the sea, and trumpet-clangor sounds.

The trumpets sound. Enter the King and his train, the Lord Chief Justice among them.

Fal. God save thy Grace, King Hal! my royal
Hal!

Pist. The heavens thee guard and keep, most royal 45
imp of fame!

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My Lord Chief Justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? Know you what 'tis
you speak? 49

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man; fall to thy prayers.

How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!

I have long dream'd of such a kind of man,

So surfeit-swell'd, so old, and so profane;

But, being awak'd, I do despise my dream. 55

Make less thy body hence, and more thy grace;

Leave gormandizing; know the grave doth gape

For thee thrice wider than for other men.

Replay not to me with a fool-born jest.

Presume not that I am the thing I was; 60

For God doth know, so shall the world perceive,

That I have turn'd away my former self;

So will I those that kept me company.

When thou dost hear I am as I have been,

Approach me, and thou shalt be as thou wast, 65

The tutor and the feeder of my riots;

Fal. Fear no colours; go with me to dinner.

Come, Lieutenant Pistol; come, Bardolph. 95

I shall be sent for soon at night.

Re-enter Prince John, the Lord Chief Justice [Officers with them].

Ch. Just. Go, carry Sir John Falstaff to the Fleet.

Take all his company along with him.

Fal. My lord, my lord, —

Ch. Just. I cannot now speak; I will hear you soon.

Take them away. 101

Pist. *Si fortuna me tormenta, spera contenta.*

Exeunt all but Prince John and the Chief Justice.

Lan. I like this fair proceeding of the King's.

He hath intent his wonted followers

Shall all be very well provided for; 105

But all are banish'd till their conversations

Appear more wise and modest to the world.

Ch. Just. And so they are.

Lan. The King hath call'd his parliament, my lord.

Ch. Just. He hath. 110

Lan. I will lay odds that, ere this year expire,

We bear our civil swords and native fire

As far as France. I heard a bird so sing,

Whose music, to my thinking, pleas'd the King.

Come, will you hence? *Exeunt.* 115

EPILOGUE

[*Spoken by a Dancer.*]

First my fear ; then my curtsy ; last my
speech. My fear is, your displeasure ; my
curtsy, my duty ; and my speech, to beg your
pardons. If you look for a good speech now,
you undo me ; for what I have to say is of mine
own making ; and what indeed I should say
will, I doubt, prove mine own marring. But
to the purpose, and so to the venture. Be it
known to you, as it is very well, I was lately
here in the end of a displeasing play, to pray
your patience for it and to promise you a bet-
ter. I meant indeed to pay you with this ;
which, if like an ill venture it come unluckily
home, I break, and you, my gentle creditors,
lose. Here I promis'd you I would be, and here
I commit my body to your mercies. Bate
me some and I will pay you some and, as
most debtors do, promise you infinitely. 5 10 15

If my tongue cannot entreat you to acquit
me, will you command me to use my legs ?
And yet that were but light payment, to dance
out of your debt. But a good conscience will
make any possible satisfaction, and so would 20

I. All the gentlewomen here have forgiven me ; if the gentlemen will not, then the gentlemen do not agree with the gentlewomen, which was never seen before in such an assembly. 25

One word more, I beseech you. If you be not too much cloy'd with fat meat, our humble author will continue the story, with Sir John in it, and make you merry with fair Katharine of France ; where, for anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already 'a be kill'd with your hard opinions ; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man. 30
My tongue is weary ; when my legs are too, I will bid you good night ; and so kneel down before you ; but, indeed, to pray for the Queen. 35



Notes

Induction. — In the Folio this is marked “Actus Primus. Scena Prima. Induction” and the first act contains four scenes. The Quarto is not divided into acts and scenes. Except when noted, this text follows the division of the Folio.

Warkworth. — Place-directions are supplied by modern editors, with the exception of that prefixed to Act IV. sc. i. *q.v.* Warkworth in Northumberland came into the possession of the Percy family in the reign of Edward III, and is still held by the Earl of Northumberland.

Rumour, painted full of tongues. A common Elizabethan conception, derived from Vergil’s description of *Fama*, *Æneid*, IV. 173.

15. And (there is) no such matter?

24–27. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, V. iv.

37. crafty-sick. This skillful compound suggests that Hotspur had cause for the irritation so vigorously expressed in *1 Henry IV*, IV. i. 17, 28.

I. i. 13. God. Changed in the Folio to “heavens,” as in many other cases, because of the statute forbidding profanity on the stage.

I. i. 63. Has left a witness of its usurpation or invasion.

I. i. 129. Gan vail his stomach. Began to lower his courage.

I. i. 147. sickly quoif. A cap worn in sickness.

I. i. 174. where most trade of danger rang'd. *Trade* is here used in the sense of activity: where danger ranged or stalked most actively.

I. i. 184. Chok'd the respect of. Destroyed our regard for.

I. i. 204, 205. Extends his insurrection by references to the death of King Richard. Cf. I. iii. 97-107; also *Richard II*, V. i. 52.

I. ii. 1, 2. A reference to the common practice of diagnosis by examination of urine.

I. ii. 18. agate. A reference to the page's diminutive stature by comparing him to a figure engraved in agate for a seal or ornament.

I. ii. 26, 28. face royal. *Royal*, in addition to the present adjectival meaning, was the name of a gold ten-shilling coin stamped with the king's image. A similar pun occurs in *1 Henry IV*, II. iv. 321.

I. i. 40. Alluding to the rich man of the parable, *Luke*, xvi. 24.

I. ii. 41. yea-for-sooth knave. Hotspur also derides mild oaths, "pepper-gingerbread" of tradespeople. *1 Henry IV*, III. i. 252-261.

I. ii. 42. to bear . . . in hand. "To keep in expectation."

I. ii. 45. is through with them in honest taking up. Does his prettiest with them in honorable borrowing.

I. ii. 52-55. A play on the two meanings of *horn*, the mark of the cuckold, and the material by which, prior to the general use of glass, lanterns were enclosed.

I. ii. 58-61. Falstaff had engaged Bardolph at St. Paul's, then used as a general resort and business exchange

by Londoners. There was a contemporary aphorism, traced back to the *Choice of Change*, 1598, warning men against servants procured in Paul's, horses in Smithfield, and wives in Westminster.

I. ii. 62, 63. This was Sir William Gascoigne. For the story of his sentencing the Prince see *Introduction*.

I. ii. 100. **grows to me.** Belongs to me as a part of myself.

I. ii. 131, 133. **it; his.** Two forms of the possessive that preceded *its*, which came into literary usage about 1600. *Its* does not appear in any of Shakespeare's plays published during his life, but occurs ten times in plays that appeared first in the Folio of 1623.

I. ii. 133. **Galen.** The most celebrated of ancient medical writers, whose influence was strongly felt in the Middle Ages. Born about 130 A.D.

I. ii. 137. This is the line that in the Quarto bears the prefix *Old*. See *Introduction*.

I. ii. 141. Clarke quotes Lord Campbell to prove that "to lay *by the heels*" was a technical expression for committing to prison; and Falstaff evidently interprets these words with that meaning; cf. l. 146.

I. ii. 154. **land-service.** Falstaff was then on military duty and independent of civil authority.

I. ii. 186-189. Like l. 26 above, a punning reference to a coin, the *angel*, which when *light*, i.e. under weight, would not *go* or *tell*, i.e. pass as good money.

I. ii. 197. **heat of our livers.** The liver was regarded as the seat of violent passion. Cf. IV. iii. 113.

I. ii. 238. **spit white.** This expression, which occurs in several plays of this period, has caused much discussion.

It seems to refer to one of the physical results of wine drinking, or it may be regarded as a sign of health, as Furnivall quotes from *Batman upon Bartholome*, 1582, to prove.

I. ii. 253. **bear crosses.** Like ll. 26 and 186 above, a punning reference to coins, which were sometimes stamped with a cross.

I. ii. 255. Steevens describes the pleasing diversion of *filliping* a toad by tossing him into the air from one end of a board by striking heavily on the other end. A **three-man beetle** is a rammer handled by three men.

I. ii. 259, 260. **degrees.** Changed by Collier to *diseases*, a reading followed by many editors. In what sense *degrees* was used is doubtful; but it may signify grades or conditions of ailment. — **prevent** has here its literal meaning, come before, anticipate.

I. iii. s. d. **Archbishop.** Richard Scrope.

I. iii. 36-55. Not in the Quarto. Lines 37-40 in the Folio read :

Yes, if this present quality of warre,
Indeed the instant action : a cause on foot,
Lives so in hope : As in an early Spring

a passage which has caused voluminous emendation and discussion.

I. iii. 38. **Lives so in hope.** Is so related to hope or has such hope.

I. iii. 55. How able our estate or condition is to weigh or measure against its opponents; *i.e.* to hold its own against opposition.

I. iii. 71. **French.** In 1405, according to Holinshed,

French troops landed at Milford Haven and advanced as far as Worcester. This, however, was after the suppression of the Archbishop's rebellion.

II. i. 26. It is useless to attempt an explanation of Mistress Quickly's expressions. It should be noted, however, that her vocabulary is large and far from illiterate. She aspires to be an artist in words, and fails not in ideal, but in execution.

II. i. 35. *one*. This has been variously emended to read *loan* by Theobald; *score* by Collier; *ow'n*, contraction of *owing* and pronounced like *one*, by White. The meaning of the Hostess is clear, however; the bill is too long.

II. i. 45. *me*. Indirect object, comparable to the ethical dative, and very common in Elizabethan speech.

II. i. 94. *Dolphin chamber*. It was customary to name not only inns, but separate rooms within the inns. Cf. *the Half-moon* and *the Pomgarnet*, 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 30, 42

II. i. 142. Answer as befits your reputation.

II. i. 155. *Glasses*. Then newly in vogue and threatening to supplant gold and silver plate.

II. i. 158. *water-work*. Water-color decoration of walls is evidently referred to, probably cheaper and certainly newer than tapestry, which Falstaff affects to despise.

II. ii. 5. *discolours the complexion*. Causes to blush.

II. ii. 22-24. As Clarke suggests, this is evidently an allusion to playing tennis in shirt-sleeves; consequently when out of linen Poins could not frequent the courts.

II. ii. 25-30. These lines are not found in the Folio, where many similar coarse and indecent passages are either

entirely lacking or are changed to approximate propriety. The allusion is to Poins' illegitimate children clothed in his ragged shirts, with a play on *Holland* as one of the *low countries* and as *linen*.

II. ii. 40. **stand the push.** Await the encounter.

II. ii. 72. **a proper fellow of my hands.** "A fine looking fellow of my inches." (White.) "A handsome fellow of my size." (Mason.) "Possibly . . . a phrase often made use of to introduce qualifications discreditable to the object of them." (Vaughan.) "A shapely and agile man." (Herford.)

II. ii. 86. **red lattice.** The sign of ale houses.

II. ii. 96, 97. It was Hecuba who had this dream. The life of Althea's son, Meleager, depended on the preservation of a fire brand, which once in a fit of anger she quenched.

II. ii. 110. **martlemas.** A current form of Martinmas. St. Martin's day was November 11. On this date it was customary to kill fatted oxen for consumption during the winter, and the term may be an abbreviation for "Martlemas ox." Cf. 1 *Henry IV*, III. iii. 198, where the Prince salutes Falstaff as "my sweet beef."

II. ii. 115. **wen.** The reference is to the size of Falstaff.

II. ii. 125. **borrower's cap.** Warburton's emendation of the Quarto, *borrowed cap*. Warburton explains the reading thus, "a man that goes to borrow money is of all others most complaisant; his cap is always at hand."

II. ii. 128. **fetch it from Japhet.** The reference seems to be to the long genealogical lists by which one derives descent and proves kinship.

II. iii. 24. *speaking thick*. With impetuous and stammering haste, the opposite of *low and tardily*, l. 26.

II. iii. 55. *for all our loves*. For the love of all of us.

II. iv. 21. *old utis*. *Old* is here intensive, as in many modern slang expressions. *Utis*, also spelled *utas*, jollity, merry making, as on the octave of a festival, from Old French *utas*, *utaves*, octaves.

II. iv. 36. From the old ballad of *Sir Lancelot du Lake*.

II. iv. 53. The version of *The Boy and the Mantle* that appears in Percy's *Reliques* contains the line "With brooches, rings, and owches."

II. iv. 108. *a Barbary hen*. One whose feathers are naturally ruffled. Cf. *As You Like It*, IV. i. 151.

II. iv. 141. *basket-hilt stale juggler*. "A worn-out practiser of sword tricks." (Herford.)

II. iv. 146-148. Omitted in Folio.

II. iv. 161. *Occupy* had an obscene meaning at this time.

II. iv. 169-173. Malone suggested that this was probably a quotation or adaptation from a lost play, *The Turkish Mahomet and Hiren the Fair Greek*, attributed to George Peele. *Hiren* is Irene Anglicized; but Pistol seems to apply it to his sword, perhaps confusing it with *iron*, and Mistress Quickly considers it an opprobrious term for a woman, l. 190. In Peele's *Merie Conceited Jests* Hiren is said to be "in Italian called a Curtezan."

II. iv. 178, 179. A perversion of Marlowe's 2 *Tamburlaine*, IV. ii. 1, 2. Probably the remainder of this speech is a hodge-podge of misquotations from old plays.

II. iv. 182. *let the welkin roar*. Steevens identified this line in two old ballads.

II. iv. 193. A burlesque of a line from Peele's *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594.

II. iv. 195. Pistol's version of a motto current in Italian and French. *Se fortuna me tormenta, il sperare me contenta; Si fortune me tourmente, l'espérance me contente; If fortune torments me, hope contents me.* Douce had in his possession an old rapier with the French motto engraved upon it, and considered that Pistol here and in V. v. 102 read a similar inscription from his own sword.

II. iv. 201. We have seen the Pleiades; *i.e.* spent the nights together. Cf. *1 Henry IV*, I. ii. 16.

II. iv. 211. Then death rock me asleep. The first line of a poem attributed to Anne Boleyn.

II. iv. 213. Dyce sees in this absurd line a parody of a portion of Sackville's *Complaint of the Duke of Buckingham* in *A Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1563.

II. iv. 238. Nine Worthies. These were usually said to be Hector, Alexander, and Julius Cæsar; Joshua, David, and Judas Maccabeus; Arthur, Charlemagne, and Godfrey of Bouillon.

II. iv. 250. Bartholomew boar-pig. Roast pig was one of the chief dainties served at Bartholomew Fair, the most noted of London fairs held in Smithfield on St. Bartholomew's day.

II. iv. 268. rides the wild-mare. Plays see-saw.

II. iv. 278. nave of a wheel. Clarke considered this an allusion to "Sir John's combined knavery and rotundity."

II. iv. 288. fiery Trigon. In astrological parlance the signs of the zodiac were divided into four groups or *trigons*, consisting of the fiery, airy, watery, and earthly

signs. The allusion here is to Bardolph's complexion, which seems to concentrate all the *fiery* elements.

II. iv. 308. *Poins his brother.* A form of the possessive then common.

II. iv. 324. *if you take not the heat.* If you do not strike while the iron is hot.

II. iv. 358. *dead elm.* Schmidt's suggestion is usually quoted, "perhaps on account of the weak support he had given to Doll Tearsheet"; but this interpretation seems worse than none. I am inclined to regard it as a reference to Falstaff's age and spreading bulk.

II. iv. 366. *burns poor souls.* Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation *burns, poor soul* has been followed by many modern editors. By either reading the reference is to the contagion of the disease formerly called "the burning."

III. i. 30. *happy low, lie down.* Warburton's ingenious emendation of *happy lowly clown* has not commended itself to later editors, most of whom follow the plain reading of the text of both Quarto and Folio, and interpret *low* as an adjective with substantive suggestion.

III. i. 53-56. This passage is not in the Folio, and has been attacked by White as "a square block of puling commonplace let into a grand and vigorous passage." Is it not rather the natural expression of an embittered and broken man letting his mind wander back over the vanity of an unsatisfied life? Note the rallying in 92, and the fretful, peevish outbreak in IV. iv. 103.

III. i. 66-79. Cf. *Richard II*, V. i. 55-68. It will be seen that neither the King nor Warwick was present when Richard's eyes, washed clear by tears, foresaw the future.

III. i. 72. If this is in the indicative mood it is in direct contradiction of the facts as given in *Richard II*, IV. i.; note especially l. 113. However, it is probably a part of an implied conditional sentence: I should have had no such intent if necessity had not, etc.

III. i. 103. Holinshed places Glendower's death in the tenth year of the reign of Henry IV, 1408-1409, although later historians have found reason to assert that he was alive in 1416.

III. ii. 33. **Skogan.** Henry Scogan was a poet of this period; but his fame has become confused with that of John Scogan, who fifty years later was fool at the court of Edward IV.

III. ii. 42. How (much is) a good yoke of bullocks?

III. ii. 51-53. He would have hit the mark at twelve score yards; and shot fourteen and fourteen and a half score yards with a *forehand shaft*, an arrow described very vaguely in Ascham's *Toxophilus*.

III. ii. 56. **Thereafter as they be.** According to their condition.

III. ii. 145, 146. We have a number of false names to enter in the muster-book. For these *shadow*-soldiers pay would be received and pocketed by the recruiting officer.

III. ii. 178. Evidently an allusion to the occupants of Wart's garments.

III. ii. 236. **four Harry ten shillings in French crowns.** Ten-shilling pieces were first coined in the reign of Henry VII. A French crown was worth rather less than five shillings.

III. ii. 298. **Mile-end Green.** An open place in London for public sports and military manœuvres.

III. ii. 300. **Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show.** Arthur's show was an exhibition of archery by a society of fifty-eight members known as "the Auncient Order, Society, and Unitie Laudable of Prince Arthure and his Knightly Armory of the Round Table." The members named themselves for the characters in the romances of Arthur. Sir Dagonet was the fool in the *Morte d'Arthur*.

III. ii. 319. **at a word.** Briefly, in one word.

III. ii. 337. **invincible.** Not to be evinced, indeterminate. (Schmidt.) Rowe's emendation, *invisible*, has been often adopted.

III. ii. 343. **fancies, good-nights.** These were used as titles of certain light lyrics.

III. ii. 344. **Vice's dagger.** The *vice* of the old Moralities carried a flat, wooden dagger.

III. ii. 355. **a philosopher's two stones.** Of as much value as two philosopher's stones, which transmuted base metal into gold. This boast Falstaff fulfils, as we know from V. v. 12.

IV. i. s. d. The one scene direction of the Quarto reads: "Enter the Archbishop, Mowbray, Bardolfe, Hastings, within the forrest of Gaultree." This forest in the North Riding of Yorkshire was formerly very extensive.

IV. i. 50. **graves.** Steevens's emendation of *greaves* has been followed by many editors. It should be noted, moreover, that *greaves* and *graves* were interchangeable spellings.

IV. i. 94-96. "The passage, being plainly mutilated, defies any satisfactory explanation." (Dyce.)

IV. i. 117-129. Cf. *Richard II*, I. iii.

IV. i. 135. **it.** Apparently the victory implied in l. 134.

IV. i. 146. **think.** Modern usage would substitute a causative form: cause one to think or cause you to be thought.

IV. i. 170-175. The participial clauses are conditional or temporal in effect.

IV. i. 173. Acquitted by a true and valid pardon.

IV. i. 174, 175. The idea seems to be: the immediate execution of our wishes pertaining to ourselves and our plans. Johnson read *consign'd*; Hanmer read *properties confirm'd*.

IV. i. 176. **awful banks.** Bounds of awe or reverence. This use of the adjective is very common in Shakespeare; cf. the modern use in "a sick bed," bed of sickness.

IV. i. 181. **place of difference.** Battlefield.

IV. i. 193. **royal faiths.** Good faith, fidelity to the king.

IV. ii. and iii. In the Folio there are no new scenes indicated.

IV. iii. 58. **cinders of the element.** A right Falstaffian reference to the stars. *Element* has here the meaning of sky.

IV. iii. 113. **liver.** Cf. note on I. ii. 197.

IV. iii. 125. Tyrwhitt suggested that this is an allusion to the Cambridge *Commencement* and the Oxford *Act*, i.e. the conferring of degrees by which students may make use of their *hoard of learning*.

IV. iii. 140-142. The figure is that of sealing with soft, tempered wax.

IV. iv. 45, 46. Even though mingled with the incitements to discord such as the age will certainly infuse.

IV. v. In the Folio there is no new scene indicated; but the King's order in IV. iv. 131, 132 and his question in IV. v. 233, 234 indicate a change of place.

IV. v. 31. **scald'st with safety.** Burns while protecting.

IV. v. 79, 80. This realization yields its accumulation of bitterness to the dying father.

IV. v. 163. **medicine potable.** *Aurum potabile*, liquid gold, was regarded as the elixir of life and was eagerly sought for by alchemists.

IV. v. 212, 213. **look too near unto.** Scrutinize too closely.

IV. v. 229, 230. With the sight of thee, or in thy sight, my worldly career comes to an end.

IV. v. 235. The Jerusalem Chamber, in the southwest corner of Westminster Abbey, was built between 1376 and 1386 as a guest chamber; but in the time of King Henry IV was used as a council chamber.

V. i. 42. **Woncot.** See *Introduction*.

V. i. 89. **Terms, actions.** Time is here computed by the sittings of court and the length of law cases or actions.

V. ii. 34. Equivalent to the figurative expression, goes against the grain.

V. ii. 38. **a ragged and forestall'd remission.** A contemptible and entreated pardon.

V. ii. 90. Mock your acts as performed by your representatives.

V. ii. 99. **in your state.** In your royal capacity.

V. ii. 123, 124. Cf. *Henry V*, I. i. 25-28.

V. ii. 129. **After my seeming.** According to my appearance.

V. iii. 31, 32. you must bear. The heart's all. You must be tolerant. The intention is the main thing.

V. iii. 76. A current expression in toasting and drinking.

V. iii. 77-79. Steevens quotes from Nash's *Summer's Last Will and Testament*:

God Bacchus, do me right,
And dub me Knight,
Domingo.

Silence's *S'amingo* is evidently an attempt at *San Domingo*.

V. iii. 103-106. As Warburton suggests, these lines are probably drawn from a lost play dealing with the story of King Cophetua and the beggar maid.

V. iii. 107. From a Robin Hood ballad.

V. iii. 147. From an old song sung also by Petruchio in *The Taming of the Shrew*, IV. i. 143.

V. iv. s. d. The Quarto reads, "Enter Sineklo and three or four officers." By a similar mistake the name of the actor Sineklo was substituted for the character he played in the Induction to *The Taming of the Shrew*.

V. iv. 20. thin man in a censer. White suggests that the man wore some kind of a cap resembling a censer.

V. iv. 22. blue-bottle rogue. Probably a reference to the color of the beadle's coat.

V. v. 30, 31. Verplanck suggests that Pistol is rattling off Latin and English mottoes gathered from heraldic devices. There is an old proverbial saying, "All in all, and *all in every part*." There seems no point in correcting Pistol's *obsque* to *absque*, as has been done by many editors from the time of the Second Folio to now.

V. v. 57-59. So much is Falstaff "the cause that wit is in other men" that even here in the gravity of his newly acquired dignity the King is unable to refrain from "a fool-born jest" at the sight of his old companion. Harsh as he is in his stern denial, he dares not hear a word in reply, and suppresses the joke that he sees ready to burst from the veteran punster's lips.

V. v. 91-94. *colour*. Apparently a play on *colour*, pretence, and *choler*.

V. v. 102. See note on II. iv. 195.

Epilogue, 17. The Quarto reads after *infinitely*: "and so I kneele downe before you; but indeed, to pray for the Queene," and the Epilogue closes with *good night*, 35. Evidently the last two paragraphs are an addition to the original epilogue, and probably were written after the name of Falstaff had been changed, and perhaps after the rival play *Sir John Oldcastle* had been performed by Henslow's company in 1599.

33. **Oldcastle.** See *Introduction*.

37. **pray for the Queen.** In the earliest days of the English drama, religious plays had closed with prayer, and the custom was sometimes continued even after the drama was completely secularized, especially in plays performed at court.

Textual Variants

The text in the present edition is based upon the first Quarto, and the following list records the more important variations from that version, and also the more important changes and omissions in the Folio. Passages in the text enclosed in brackets are additions from the first Folio.

- Ind. 35. hold] Theobald; hole Q Ff.
36. Where] Ff; When Q.
- I. i. 103. tolling] Q; knolling Ff.
106. God] Q; heaven Ff.
126. Too] Ff; So Q.
161. [*Tra.*] Capell; *Amfr.* Q; Ff *omit speech.*
164. Lean] Leaue Q; Leane Ff.
166-179. Ff; Q *omits.*
188. do] Ff; dare Q.
189-209. Ff; Q *omits.*
- ii. 9. intends] Q; tends Ff.
55. Where's Bardolph] Ff; *after through it in 53, Q.*
111. hath . . . age] Ff; have . . . ague Q.
137. [*Fal.*] Ff; *Old.* Q.
162. slenderer] Ff; slender Q.
206, 7. your chin double] Q; Ff *omit.*
210-211. about . . . afternoon] Q; Ff *omit.*
240-247. but it . . . motion] Q; Ff *omit.*
- iii. 21-24, 36-55. Ff; Q *omits.*
37. Needed] Gould *conj.*; Indeed Ff.
66. a] Ff; so, Q.

79-80. To French . . . him] Capell; French . . . him
Q; He leaves his back unarm'd, the French and
Welsh Baying him Ff.

85-108. Ff; Q *omits*.

II. i. 24. vice] Ff; view Q.

182. [Basingstoke] Ff; Billingsgate Q.

ii. 1, s. d. *Poins*] Rowe; *Poynes, sir Iohn Russel, with
other Q; Pointz, Bardolfe and Page Ff.*

18. viz.] Ff; with Q.

26-30. And God . . . strengthened] Q; Ff *omit*.

80. *Poins*.] Q Ff; *Bard. Theobald*.

85. 'A calls] Q; He call'd Ff.

91. rabbit] Ff; rabble Q.

125. borrower's] Theobald; borrowed Q Ff.

129. "Sir] Q Ff; *Poins [Reads]* "Sir Hanmer.

134. "I] Q Ff; *Poins [Reads]* "I Hanmer.

137. [*Prince*] Q Ff *omit*.

144. familiars] Ff; family Q.

147. *Poins*.] Q; Ff *omit*.

iii. 23-45. Ff; Q *omits*.

iv. 1, 11. 1. Draw.] Ff; *Francis Q.*

14. Dispatch] Pope; *Dra. Dispatch Q; Ff omit Dis-
patch . . . straight.*

16, 232. Draw.] Ff; *Francis Q.*

20. word] Q *adds. Enter Will Q.*

58, 59. Q; Ff *omit*.

125. shall] Ff; shall not Q.

146-148. Q; Ff *omit*.

III. i. *Some copies of Q omit this scene.*

18. mast] Ff; masse Q.

27. sea-boy] Ff; season Q.

- 31, s. d. *Surrey*] Ff; *Surry, and Sir Iohn Blunt* Q.
 53-56. O, if . . . die] Q; Ff *omit*.
- ii. 121. *Fal.* Prick him] Ff; *Iohn prickes him* Q.
 160. [*Fal.*] Theobald; *Shal.* Q Ff.
 337. invincible] Q Ff; invisible Rowe.
 338-339. yet . . . mandrake] Q; Ff *omit*.
 341-344. and sung . . . good-nights] Q; Ff *omit*.
- IV. i. 34. rags] S. Walker *conj.*; rage Q Ff.
 55-79. Ff; Q *omits*.
 93, 95. Q; Ff *omit*.
 94-95. *Hopelessly corrupt*.
 103-139. Ff; Q *omits*.
 139. and did] Ff; indeed Thirlby *conj.*
 180. And] Thirlby *conj.*; At Q Ff.
- ii. 8. man] Ff; man talking Q.
 24. Employ] Ff; Imply Q.
 67. *Lan.*] *Iohn* Ff; Q *omits*.
 69. [*Hast.*] Ff; *Prince* Q.
- iii. 46. Rome] Ff; Rome, there cosin Q.
- iv. 32. melting] Ff; meeting Q.
 39. time] Q; line Ff.
 104. write . . . letters] Ff; wet . . . termes Q.
- v. 13. alter'd] Ff; altred Q (*Capell's copy*); uttred Q
 (*Devonshire copy*).
 75. tolling] Q; culling Ff.
 82. hath] Ff; hands Q.
 161. worst of] Ff; worse then Q.
 205. [my] Tyrwhitt *conj.*; thy Q Ff.
- V. iv. 1, s. d. *Enter, etc.*] Malone; *Enter Sincklo and three or
 four officers* Q; *Enter Hostesse Quickly, Dol
 Teare-sheete, and Beadles* Ff.

4. 1 *Bead.*] Malone; *Sincklo* Q; *Off.* Ff (*and so throughout the scene*).
- 6, 7, 10. enough, lately, now] Ff; Q *omits.*
8. *Dol.*] Ff; *Whore* Q (*and so throughout the scene*).
- v. 3. 1. *Groom*] Ff; 3. Q.
16. [*Shal.*] Ff; *Pist.* Q.
- 18, 20. *Shal.*] Hanmer; *Pist.* Q Ff.
25. [*Fal.*] Ff; Q *omits.*
86. well, should] Ff; Q *omits.*
- Epi. 35-36. And so . . . Queen] Ff; *after infinitely in 17, Q.*



Glossary

- 'A, he; I. ii. 48.
abated, reduced to lower temper; I. i. 117.
abroach, afoot, in action; IV. ii. 14.
accite, incite; II. ii. 65: summon, V. ii. 141.
accommodate, supplied, a word much in vogue and used without discrimination; III. ii. 72-88.
Achitophel, a treacherous double-tongued counsellor who turned from David to Absalom; I. ii. 41.
address, prepare, equip; IV. iv. 5.
affection, propensity, inclination; IV. iv. 65.
agate, see note, I. ii. 18.
Alecto, one of the Furies, represented as wreathed with snakes; V. v. 39.
Amurath, the third Turkish emperor of the name, died in 1595. His first act after his accession in 1574 was to strangle his five brothers; V. ii. 48.
an, if; I. i. 13.
anatomize, analyze, interpret; Induct. 21.
ancient, ensign; II. iv. 74.
apple-john, a kind of apple that shriveled without decaying; II. iv. 2.
apprehensive, imaginative; IV. iii. 107.
approve, prove; I. ii. 214.
argument, subject; V. ii. 23.
assemblance, semblance, appearance; III. ii. 277.
atonement, reconciliation; IV. i. 221.
attach, seize; II. ii. 3: arrest; IV. ii. 109.
awful, awe-inspiring; IV. i. 176; V. ii. 86.
band, bond; I. ii. 37.
Barbary hen, see note, II. iv. 108.

- Barson**, Barston in Warwickshire; V. iii. 94.
bate, quarrel, disturbance; II. iv. 271.
bate, reduce a debt, used quibblingly; Epil. 15.
battle, army or division of an army; III. ii. 165; IV. i. 154.
bear out, support, favor; V. i. 54.
bear-herd, bear tender or keeper; I. ii. 191.
beaver, helmet, the movable part of the helmet; IV. i. 120.
beshrew, blame, curse; but often used lightly or playfully; II. iii. 45; V. iii. 59.
Besonian, a base fellow; V. iii. 119.
bestow, behave, deport; II. ii. 186.
biggen, night-cap; IV. v. 27.
blubber, sob; II. iv. 420.
bona-roba, a woman of the town, a courtesan; III. ii. 26, 217.
book, register, record; II. ii. 49.
book-oath, an oath taken on the Bible; II. i. 111.
borne, laden; II. iv. 393.
break, become bankrupt; Epilogue, 13.
breathe, endow with breath; IV. i. 114.
breeding, parentage, descent; V. iii. 111.
buckle, bend, bow; I. i. 141.
bung, sharper, pick-pocket; II. iv. 138.
caliver, a light musket; III. ii. 290.
calm, qualm; II. iv. 41.
canaries, Canary wine; II. iv. 29.
candle-mine, tallow-pit; II. iv. 326.
cankers, canker-worms; II. ii. 102.
cannibals, presumably Hannibals; II. iv. 180.
canvass, toss in a sheet; II. iv. 243.
caraway, a confection containing caraway seeds; V. iii. 3.

- case**, condition, circumstances; II. i. 115.
cast, calculate, reckon; I. i. 166; V. i. 21.
catastrophe, used vulgarly for posteriors; II. i. 66.
cavalero, cavalier; V. iii. 62.
censer, *i.e.* a cap like a censer; V. iv. 20.
channel, kennel, gutter; II. i. 52.
charge, readiness for action; IV. i. 120.
cheater, rogue or trickster; but Mistress Quickly misunderstands it as *escheater*, an officer of the exchequer; II. iv. 105, 111.
chops, a humorous name for a person with fat cheeks; II. iv. 235.
clap, see note, III. ii. 51.
close, make peace, agree; II. iv. 354.
clout, see note, III. ii. 52.
cock and pie, a common expletive of doubtful origin; V. i. 1.
colour, excuse, pretense; I. ii. 276; V. v. 91.
commit, sentence to prison; I. ii. 63; V. ii. 83, 112; but note that the word is used in its ordinary sense in V. ii. 113.
commodity, profit, advantage; I. ii. 279.
compel, enforce, exact; IV. i. 147.
conceit, wit, fancy; II. iv. 263.
condition, rank, official position; IV. iii. 90.
conger, conger-eel; II. iv. 58.
consign, agree, assent; V. ii. 143.
consist, insist, require; IV. i. 187.
conversation, habit, way of life; V. v. 106.
correctioner, one who administers correction or punishment; V. iv. 23.
costermonger, a hawker of small fruits, hence a term of contempt; I. ii. 190.
Cots'ol', Cotswold, famed for sports; III. ii. 23.

countenance, favor, support; V. i. 49: as a verb, V. i. 41, 57.

cover, lay the table; II. iv. 11.

crack, a lively, roguish boy; III. ii. 34.

crib, a small room; III. i. 9.

crudy, crude, raw; IV. iii. 106.

curry, seek favor; V. i. 82.

cuttle, bully, sharper; II. iv. 140.

dear, affecting one deeply for good or ill; IV. v. 141.

defensible, capable of making defense; II. iii. 38.

depart, leave; IV. v. 91.

derive itself, pass by descent; IV. v. 43.

determine, bring to an end; IV. v. 82.

dole, dealing, distribution; I. i. 169.

doubt, suspect, fear; Epil. 7.

dram, a small quantity; I. ii. 149.

draw, draw together, assemble; I. iii. 109: withdraw, II. i. 162.

drawer, wine-drawer, tapster; II. ii. 191.

dreadful, to be dreaded; V. ii. 94.

drooping, sinking, declining; Induct. 3.

duer, more duly; III. ii. 330.

dull, soothing, producing drowsiness; IV. v. 2.

easy, slight, easy to bear; V. ii. 71.

element, the sky; IV. iii. 58.

endear'd, closely bound; II. iii. 11.

engrafted, attached; II. ii. 67.

engross, accumulate, collect; IV. v. 71.

engrossment, see note, IV. v. 80.

Ephesians, a current term for companions, equivalent to *Corinthians*, 1 *Henry IV*, II. iv. 12; II. ii. 164.

exion, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for "action"; II. i. 33.

- faitor, evil doer; II. iv. 173.
fear, affright, alarm; IV. iv. 121.
fennel, an herb supposed to be inflammatory; II. iv. 267.
fetch off, cheat, fleece; III. ii. 324.
fig, to make an offensive gesture, especially in vogue among the Spanish; V. iii. 124.
flap-dragon, a burning substance floating on wine; II. iv. 267.
flaw, thin ice; IV. iv. 35.
Fleet, the Fleet Prison; V. v. 97.
flesh'd, made fierce, as if fed with flesh; I. i. 149.
foin, thrust, a fencing term; II. i. 18.
fond, foolishly affectionate; I. iii. 91.
fondly, foolishly; IV. ii. 119.
force perforce, an emphatic form of *perforce*; IV. i. 116.
forehead, assurance, audacity; I. iii. 8.
forgetive, inventive, apprehensive; from *forge*; IV. iii. 107.
foutra, a gross term of contempt; V. iii. 103, 121.
frame, bring to pass; IV. i. 180.
frank, pen, sty; II. ii. 160.
fronting, threatening; IV. iv. 66.
fub off, fob off, put off; II. i. 37.
fustian, bombastic; II. iv. 203.
- Galloway nags, inferior horses kept for hire; II. iv. 205.
gan, preterit of *gin*, begin; followed by infinitive without *to*; I. i. 129.
garland, crown; V. ii. 84.
get, beget; IV. iii. 101.
gibbet on, to swing on a gibbet or yoke; III. ii. 282.
give out, declare, announce; IV. i. 23.
good-year, a meaningless expletive of doubtful origin; II. iv. 64, 191.
graff, graft; V. iii. 3.

grate, fret, irritate; IV. i. 90.

green, fresh, new; II. i. 107; IV. v. 204.

green-sickness, an anæmic disease of young girls; IV. iii. 100.

grief, grievance, wrong; IV. i. 69; IV. ii. 36, 59; IV. v. 204.

guard, trim, deck; IV. i. 34.

half-fac'd, thin, sharp-faced; III. ii. 283.

half-kirtle, short kirtle; V. iv. 24.

hang, suspend, arrest; IV. i. 213.

haunch, latter end; IV. iv. 92.

heat, violence of action or anger; IV. iii. 27.

heavy, sad, mournful; V. ii. 14.

hempseed, homicide; II. i. 64.

hilding, base; I. i. 57.

Hinckley, a market town in Leicestershire; V. i. 26.

his, its; I. ii. 133. See note.

history, narrate; Shakespeare's only use of the word as a verb; IV. i. 203.

honey-seed, homicide; II. i. 57, 58.

honey-suckle, Mrs. Quickly's blunder for *homicidal*; II. i. 56.

humour, one of the four fluids of the body, supposed to determine one's physical and mental qualities; hence disposition, temperament, caprice; II. iii. 30.

humorous, moody, capricious; IV. iv. 34.

hunt counter, a hunting term, on the wrong scent or track; I. ii. 102.

hurly, tumult, commotion; III. i. 25.

husband, husbandman; V. iii. 12.

imp, child; V. v. 46.

indifferency, moderate size; IV. iii. 23.

insinew, join, ally; IV. i. 172.

- instance**, proof, illustration; III. i. 103; IV. i. 83.
intelligencer, messenger; IV. ii. 20.
intend, tend; I. ii. 9: signify; IV. i. 166.
intervallum, interval; V. i. 90.
inward, civil; III. i. 107.
it, its; I. ii. 131.

jade, a mare; I. i. 45.
join'd stool, a kind of folding chair; II. iv. 269.
jordan, chamber pot; II. iv. 37.
just, even, equal; IV. i. 226: true, V. iii. 127.
juvenal, youth; I. ii. 21.

ken, view, sight; IV. i. 151.
kickshaw, a fancy dish; V. i. 29.
kindly, natural; IV. v. 84.
kirtle, a woman's garment, probably a skirt; II. iv. 297.

'larum-bell, alarm bell; III. i. 17.
lavish, unrestrained, licentious; IV. iv. 64.
leather-coat, russet apple; V. iii. 44.
leman, sweetheart, mistress; V. iii. 49.
level, just, equitable; II. i. 124: agreeable; IV. iv. 7.
lie, lodge; III. ii. 299; IV. ii. 97.
liggins, possibly a perversion of *lifekins*; V. iii. 69.
like, thrive, be in good condition; III. ii. 92.
limb, member; V. ii. 135.
line, to pad or protect as with a lining; hence to strengthen
sustain; I. iii. 27.
lodge, harbor; IV. v. 208.
look beyond, misjudge; IV. iv. 67.

malmsey-nose, red-nosed; II. i. 42.
malt-worms, toppers; II. iv. 361.

- mandrake, the forked root of this plant was supposed to resemble the human figure; I. ii. 16; III. ii. 339.
- mare, nightmare; II. i. 83.
- mark, a coin worth 13s. 4d.; see note, II. i. 35.
- marry, a common expletive, derived from the name of the Virgin; I. ii. 221.
- mechanical, belonging to mechanics; V. v. 38.
- metal, mettle, the two spellings and the two meanings were used interchangeably; I. i. 116.
- mete, judge; IV. iv. 77.
- moe, more; I. ii. 5.
- more and less, high and low; I. i. 209.
- much, an expletive; II. iv. 143: used ironically; III. ii. 142: an intensive; IV. iv. 111.
- mure, wall (of flesh); IV. iv. 119.
- neaf, fist; II. iv. 200.
- nice, effeminate, delicate; I. i. 145: trivial, IV. i. 191.
- noble, a gold coin worth 6s. 8d.; II. i. 167.
- noise, music or band of musicians; II. iv. 12.
- note, account, bill; V. i. 19.
- nut-hook, a derisive term applied to a beadle because he carried a catch-pole; V. iv. 8.
- observance, reverence; IV. iii. 16.
- observe, treat with respect, humor; IV. iv. 30, 36, 49.
- o'er-post, get over quickly; I. ii. 171.
- o'erset, overcame; I. i. 185.
- offer, threaten, menace; IV. i. 219.
- office, room; I. iii. 47.
- omit, neglect; IV. iv. 27.
- opposite, opponent; IV. i. 16.
- ostentation, manifestation, outward expression; II. ii. 54.
- ouch, ornament; II. iv. 53.

- ousel, blackbird; III. ii. 9.
- overscutch'd, the meaning is doubtful; "whipped at the cart's tail" and "outworn" are suggested; III. ii. 341.
- overween, think too proudly, presume; IV. i. 149.
- owe, own; I. ii. 4.
- pantler, servant in the pantry; II. iv. 258.
- parcel, portion, detail; IV. ii. 36.
- parcel-gilt, partly gilt; II. i. 94.
- part, act, deed; IV. v. 64.
- passing, surpassingly, exceedingly; IV. ii. 85.
- peascod-time, when peas are in the pod; II. iv. 413.
- persistency, obstinacy; II. ii. 50.
- picking, trifling, trivial; IV. i. 198.
- point, stop, end; II. iv. 198: a tagged lacing for fastening portions of the clothing; I. i. 53: probably also lace used on uniforms to denote rank; II. iv. 143: a musical signal or call; IV. i. 52.
- post, post-horse; IV. iii. 40.
- pottle-pot, two-quart pot; II. ii. 84; V. iii. 68.
- pox, a common expletive; I. ii. 273.
- precept, summons, warrant; V. i. 14.
- pregnancy, quickness of wit; I. ii. 192.
- prevent, see note on I. ii. 259.
- price, value, worth; V. iii. 100.
- prick, mark, or check in a list; II. iv. 359.
- Proface, a salutation before eating, from Old French *prouface*, *prou fasse*, an abridgment of *bon prou vous fasse*, may it do you good; V. iii. 30.
- project, idea, expectation; I. iii. 29.
- proof, good result; IV. iii. 97.
- proper, own; V. ii. 109.
- propose, suppose, imagine; V. ii. 92.

purchase, in the legal sense of acquisition by one's own act instead of by inheritance; IV. v. 200.

quantity, piece, fragment; V. i. 70.

quean, a derogatory term for a woman; II. i. 51.

queasiness, nausea, qualms, disgust; I. i. 196.

quittance, requital, return; I. i. 108.

quiver, nimble, active; III. ii. 301.

quoit, pitch like a quoit; II. iv. 206.

ragged, rough; I. i. 151: beggarly, base; V. ii. 38.

recordation, record, memorial; II. iii. 61.

remember, mention, remind; V. ii. 142.

respect, consideration, regard; I. i. 184.

rigol, circlet, crown; IV. v. 36.

rood, cross; III. ii. 3.

sack, sweet wine from Spain and the Canary Islands; IV. iii. 124.

sad, sober, serious; V. i. 92.

scab, a term of contempt; III. ii. 296.

sect, kind, sex; II. iv. 41.

semblable, similar, like; V. i. 73.

set off, cast off, ignored; IV. i. 145.

sherris, sherris-sack; sherry, sack of Xeres; IV. iii. 103, 111.

shift, change clothing; V. v. 23.

shot, shooter; III. ii. 295.

shove-groat shilling, a shilling used in the game of *shove-groat*, a diminutive form of shovel-board, originally played with a groat; II. iv. 206.

sights, eye-hole in a helmet; IV. i. 121.

single, foolish, silly; I. ii. 207.

slops, breeches; I. ii. 34.

smooth-pates, evidently a reference to a fashion of hair-dressing later derided as "round head"; I. ii. 43.

sneap, reproof, snub; II. i. 133.

something, somewhat; I. ii. 211; IV. ii. 80.

sortance, accord; IV. i. 11.

state, majesty; V. ii. 132.

stiff-borne, obstinately maintained; I. i. 177.

stomach, courage, pride; I. i. 129; appetite; IV. iv.

105.

stratagem, dreadful event, calamity; I. i. 8.

stray, stragglers; IV. ii. 120.

studied, inclined; II. ii. 9.

success, succession; IV. ii. 47.

successively, by right of succession; IV. v. 202.

suff'red, allowed; II. iii. 57.

suggestion, evil report, insinuation; IV. iv. 45.

sway, swing, rush; IV. i. 24.

swinge, whip; V. iv. 21, 23.

swinge-buckler, swash-buckler, roysterer; III. ii. 24.

ta, thou; II. i. 63.

tables, memorandum or notebook; II. iv. 289; IV. i.

201.

take up, raise, levy; II. i. 199; IV. ii. 26.

taking up, obtaining on credit; I. ii. 46.

tall, lusty, valiant; III. ii. 67.

tap for tap, tit for tat; II. i. 206.

tester, sixpence; III. ii. 296.

thews, brawn, muscle; III. ii. 276.

tilly-fally, an interjection equivalent to "nonsense"; II. iv.

90.

traverse, march; III. ii. 291.

trimmed, adorned, provided with; I. iii. 94.

truncheon, cudgel, club; II. iv. 154.

unseason'd, unseasonable; III. i. 105.

upswarm, assemble in swarms; IV. ii. 30.

utis, see note, II. iv. 21.

vail, abate, lessen; I. i. 129.

vain, foolish; V. v. 48.

varlet, servant; V. iii. 13.

vaward, vanguard; I. ii. 199.

venture, hazard, risk; Epil. 8, 12.

vice, grasp, clutch; II. i. 24.

virtue, strength, power; IV. i. 163.

virtuous, potent; IV. v. 76.

wanton, luxurious; I. i. 148: frivolous; IV. i. 191.

warden, staff of office; IV. i. 125.

wassail candle, a candle used at a feast, and apparently not of the best material; I. ii. 178.

watch-case, sentry-box, III. i. 17.

whipping-cheer, whipping-fare; V. iv. 5.

whoreson, a noun and adjective that had lost its original significance and was applied with the looseness of a popular expletive; I. ii. 16.

winking, closing the eyes; I. iii. 33.

withal, with; IV. ii. 95.

womb, belly; IV. iii. 24.

Woncot, Woodmancote, a village near Stratford; V. i. 42.

wo't, wouldst; II. i. 63.

yeoman, bailiff's officer; II. i. 5.



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